

The Daily Mirror

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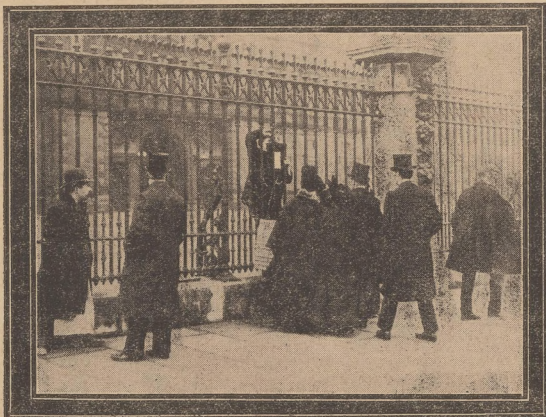
FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1905.

One Halfpenny.

RUSSIA'S GREAT CHURCH DIGNITARY, WHO UNFROCKED FATHER GAPON.



The old priest who is reading on the right of this photograph is Father Antoine, Metropolitan of St. Petersburg, who has issued an order depriving Father Gapon, the leader of the St. Petersburg strikers, of all his sacerdotal rights and privileges as a priest of the Orthodox Church.



Reading the latest bulletin of her Royal Highness Princess Victoria's condition, posted outside the gates of Buckingham Palace courtyard yesterday afternoon.—(Daily Mirror copyright.)

PHOTOGRAPH OF PRINCESS VICTORIA TAKEN BY HER SISTER.



According to the latest bulletin issued from Buckingham Palace, Princess Victoria continues to make satisfactory progress towards recovery. This photograph of her Royal Highness was taken by her sister, Princess Charles of Denmark.

GORKY RELEASED.

Emancipation Ushers in a New
Era of Reform.

NOT A MAGNA CHARTA

M. Witte Engaged on a Scheme
of Labour Legislation.

OFFICIAL STATEMENT.

Maxime Gorky has been released from prison.

This news appeared to confirm a sensational story from the "Daily Telegraph's" special correspondent in St. Petersburg to the effect that the Tsar had signed a Magna Charta for Russia.

Late last night Reuter sent a semi-official explanation, which showed that the case had been greatly overstated. What M. de Witte has actually been empowered to do is to draw up a scheme of social legislation with special reference to the subject of labour.

MAXIME GORKY RELEASED.

News Received with Joy Throughout
Civilised World.

Yesterday Maxime Gorky, the celebrated novelist, was released from the castle of St. Peter and Paul.

He will be received with universal joy. He was arrested at Riga on Tuesday January 1, when visiting his dying wife in that city. The report that he would be hanged, though couched in well-informed circles, created worldwide consternation, and many movements were at once set on foot to obtain his reprieve.

His chief offence appears to have been that he made one of a deputation which interviewed Prince Gireksy and M. Witte shortly before the terrible massacre of Red Sunday.

"THE MAGNA CHARTA" STORY

Circumstantial Account Given by Correspondent of the "Daily Telegraph."

The account given by the "Telegraph" correspondent was circumstantial and precise.

The instrument by which the great reform was thought of is said to have been M. Yermoloff, Minister of Agriculture.

It was his task to present the official report to the Emperor, and, taking his courage in both hands, he ventured further, declaring that the autocracy had outlived its usefulness.

"Troops may preserve order by violence," he declared, "but they cannot rule the country. The nation is anxious for closer union with its Tsar."

The scene that followed was a strange one. The Emperor of All the Russias broke down completely, and after a long interval, during which he strove to recover composure, he bade M. Yermoloff embody his ideas in writing.

This was done, and his Majesty, having read the document, affixed his signature to it.

FULL POWERS FOR M. WITTE.

The essential clauses of the document put remarkable powers in the hands of M. Witte.

They are as follows:—

1. M. Witte, in his capacity as president of the Committee of Ministers, is charged by the Tsar either to extend and develop the principles of reform laid down in the Imperial Ukase of Christmas Day.

2. His Majesty commands that a pension be paid to the orphaned children and cripples whose misfortune was caused by the action of troops on the historic Sunday.

3. Order is to be restored throughout the country by peaceful methods.

OFFICIAL EXPLANATION.

The "Magna Charta" Is Merely a Scheme on the Special Subject of Labour.

St. Petersburg, Thursday.—The following semi-official statement was issued to-day:—

The report published in the London "Daily Telegraph" to the effect that the Emperor had

signed a ukase empowering, among other things, M. Witte to draft a constitution is inaccurate.

It is probably based on the following circumstances:—As already announced, the Council of Ministers had rejected a motion by M. Witte that it should record its opinion with regard to the incidents of January 22, and should adopt measures to prevent the recurrence of such events, on the ground that it would exceed its powers in so doing. Thereupon M. Witte, whose special opinion was entered in the minutes of the Council, submitted to the Emperor a memorandum, which his Majesty approved.

On January 31 the Council of Ministers held an extraordinary sitting to discuss this memorandum, when the question of an inquiry into the events of January 22 was discussed, and the Minister of Finance was empowered to prepare a scheme of social legislative reform with special reference to the question of labour.—Reuter.

OFFICIAL CHANGES.

Dulguine Succeeds Prince Mirsk—Press
Censor Removed.

Yesterday's "Echo de Paris" stated that the Tsar has signed a ukase appointing M. Dulguine Minister of the Interior.

The Russian papers of yesterday contained sympathetic appreciation of the works accomplished by Prince Mirski during his term of office.

It is officially announced that M. Svereff, head of the Chief Press administration, has been removed from his post.

WARSAW'S STARVING MOR.

WARSAW, Thursday.—On Saturday and Sunday last the police and military force in some quarters of this town was not adequate for assuring the maintenance of order, and the hungry mob, taking advantage of this, pillaged the shops and robbed hundreds of families. At the suggestion of some workmen a search for the stolen property was made in the village of Rudy yesterday. In the neighbourhood of the Wolja quarter a conflict ensued with the plunderers, in which about a hundred were injured.—Reuter.

RUSSIAN STRIKERS' FUND.

The movement of the Friends of Russian Freedom Society to raise money for a Russian Strikers' Fund, seems doomed to be a failure.

Upon inquiry at the offices of the society, yesterday, the "Daily Mirror" was informed that only some £360 had been received, whilst there were hundreds of thousands in Russia in need of assistance.

ODESSA ASSASSIN IDENTIFIED.

ODESSA, Thursday.—The man who yesterday fired at and wounded the chief of police, M. Golovin, has been identified as a turner from Berditschew named Abraham Stilman. M. Golovin is progressing favourably, but the bullet has not yet been extracted.—Reuter.

MOCK EXECUTION OF THE TSAR.

The hanging of the Tsar's effigy, which was to have taken place at Smithfield yesterday, was forbidden by the authorities.

It is understood, however, that it has now been arranged to behead the effigy in private.

SEVEN KILLED IN A SLEIGH ACCIDENT.

HOBENKILLSVILLE (New York State), Wednesday.—A train on the Pittsburg, Shawmut, and Northern Railway yesterday evening ran into a sleigh containing thirteen women, killing seven and injuring six, two of whom have since died in hospital.

The women, who were members of the Universalist Church, had been spending the afternoon at a farmhouse near Arkport, and were returning to their homes here. The driver of the sleigh was unable to control his horses.—Reuter.

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OUR NEW AMBASSADOR TO ITALY.

ROME, Thursday.—Sir Edwin Egerton, the new British Ambassador to Italy, this morning proceeded to the Quirinal to present his credentials to King Victor Emmanuel. The audience lasted about twenty minutes.

King Victor Emmanuel showed the greatest satisfaction at the friendly relations existing between Italy and Great Britain, and expressed the certainty that they would be still further improved.—Reuter.

UNDER AN AMERICAN NOBILITY.

WASHINGTON, Thursday.—Sir Mortimer Durand, the British Ambassador, speaking at a dinner last night, assured his hearers of the goodwill of Englishmen and all classes towards Americans.

"Of course," said his Excellency, "we are Englishmen first and Americans afterwards, but we take a pride in and do not envy the Stars and Stripes."

Referring to the increasing influence of Americans in England, Sir Mortimer laughingly suggested that before long the British nation would be groaning under the heel of an American nobility.—Reuter.

RUSSIANS REPULSED.

Further Disaster Reported to
Kuropatkin.

CHARGE OF RECKLESSNESS

The Russians have sustained another signal defeat, if the Parisian papers are to be credited.

According to this source the fighting was general on the Russian right and centre, Generals Kaulbars and Gripenberg being repulsed with calamitous losses.

General Gripenberg, it is said, is being sent back to Russia in disgrace.

He is charged with having engaged forces superior to his own, near Sandipin, and refusing to retire, thus needlessly sacrificing 10,000 men.

The correspondent of the "Novoe Vremya" says that the sufferings endured by the wounded in the last battle were terrible. The temperature was 45deg. below freezing point, Fahrenheit.

The blood congealed directly it began to flow from the wounds, and the sufferers died, unless they were picked up and medically attended at once.

RUNNING THE BLOCKADE.

High Inducements Offered to Convey Stores
to Vladivostok.

The Manchurian army is at present being largely fed from Vladivostok, owing to the partial breakdown of the Siberian Railway.

Striking inducements are therefore held out to shipowners to convey coal and foodstuffs to that port, and owners are not being deterred even by the heavy war risks demanded by the underwriters.

Last month no less than thirty vessels reached the port safely, as against nine captured by the Japanese.

Among the steamers chartered yesterday was one large vessel which will sail this week from Shanghai with a cargo of foodstuffs worth £100,000. For obvious reasons, the name of the vessel is withheld.

A circuitous route to the port is now being taken by blockade runners.

NEW NAVY FOR RUSSIA.

The "Sviet" of St. Petersburg, says that the Ministry of Marine is negotiating the placing of orders worth £2,900,000 with two large American and German firms for the building of four new warships.

The foreign firms agree to build these ships in Russian yards, employing Russian workmen, but with foreign engineers and draughtsmen.—Laffan.

DRAGOONS IMMERSED.

Bridge Disaster Plunges Men and Horses Into
Ice-cold Water.

St. Petersburg, Thursday.—The Egyptian Suspension Bridge over the Fontanka River in St. Petersburg collapsed to-day as a detachment of Dragoons was crossing it.

About thirty horses with their riders fell into the water.

The Egyptian Bridge spans the Fontanka at a point where the river is not more than sixty feet broad. The chains supporting the structure broke simultaneously on both banks, and the bridge, with the people on it, and the cabs and carts passing over it, as well as the first files of the Dragoons, were hurled on the ice below.

The terrified horses cleared the bridge railings and broke through the ice, which at that point was very thin. Men of the fire brigade attempted to save the horses. The accident occurred at one o'clock.

The Dragoons who were crossing the bridge numbered about fifty, with an officer. One Dragoon is missing.—Reuter.

NEW SEAM OF KENT COAL.

Quite twelve tons of splendid coal were raised yesterday from the new mine at Dover.

The coal seam struck yesterday is the first workable one the miners have come across since the operations commenced.

Important developments of the industry, therefore, may be expected.

VALUABLE DISEASE.

A Wigan collier affected with "ankylostomiasis"—a miner's disease—has refused to remain in the hospital or undergo treatment, though offered a sovereign weekly compensation.

His mother, when consulted, said that if her son was "suffering from such a valuable disease, let him keep it!"

M. Germain, president of the Credit Lyonnais, died at Paris yesterday.

"DAILY MIRROR" LYCEUM WEEK.

Twelve Thousand Applications for
Monday's Free Seats.

TO-DAY'S FREE COUPON.

Programme for the Entertainments Meets
with Universal Approval.

The interest created by the proposed *Daily Mirror* experiment in the cause of bright, wholesome, fair-priced amusement at the Lyceum Theatre, next week, has assumed extraordinary proportions.

Yesterday more than 12,600 applications were received at our offices for stall and dress-circle tickets for Monday's free matinee, and already many hundreds of letters, enclosing postal orders, asking that seats should be reserved for the other performances during the week have been received at the Lyceum Theatre box-office, Wellington-street, Strand.

Indeed, so strong is the evidence of the public interest in the *Daily Mirror* experiment, that Mr. Barrasford, the manager of the Lyceum, has made arrangements whereby the box-office at the theatre, where seats can be reserved, will be open on Saturday and every day next week from ten o'clock in the morning until ten in the evening.

So far as Monday's free matinee is concerned every reserved seat has, as we have stated, been already applied for ten times over. We shall, however, in accordance with our promise to our readers, await to-morrow morning's first mail delivery, and then, the letters having been carefully mixed, proceed to allot the eleven hundred seats which we have reserved for Monday afternoon.

HOW TO USE THE COUPON.

For those who are unsuccessful in the quest for free reserved seats, there remains the coupon which is printed to-day at the bottom of this column. This coupon, cut from the paper, will admit the holder to the pit-stalls, the amphitheatre, or the gallery on the occasion of Monday afternoon's performance, where comfortable seats, commanding an uninterrupted view of the stage, to the number of 1,500 can be provided. The doors open at 2.30 p.m., and the first 1,500 coupon holders admitted will witness, free of charge, a brighter and more varied entertainment than has, we believe, ever before been offered at a high-class London theatre.

The fourteen performances at *Daily Mirror* prices begin with the entertainment timed for seven o'clock on Monday evening; the second entertainment for that night commencing at 9.15; doors for the first entertainment opening at half-past six, and for the second at nine o'clock. In to-morrow's *Daily Mirror* prices of admission to the Lyceum at either of the two nightly performances to be given next week, or the matinees which will be given on Wednesday and Saturday afternoon at three o'clock:—

Private Boxes
£1 1s. and 12s. 6d.
Stalls 2s. 6d.
Dress-circle 1s. 6d.
Pit-stalls 1s. 6d.
Amphitheatre 6s. 6d.
Gallery 6s. 6d.

The programme which we intend to present to the audience at the Lyceum next week has received from every quarter the highest commendation. The sandwiching of a scene from such an opera as Gounod's "Faust" sung by artists of the highest quality, into a variety programme is everywhere regarded with approval, albeit a novel and daring experiment.

The appearance of Mr. George Alexander at the matinees on Wednesday and Saturday is also likely to have an important influence on the future of London entertainments, and his return, even for ten minutes, to a strangely but beautifully altered Lyceum may lead to the early appearance of many of our best-known actors and actresses at variety theatres.

Indeed, from every point of view, the *Daily Mirror* week promises to be not only a novel and interesting experiment, but one having results surpassing even those which led us to undertake so great a task as that of proving that a high-class two hours' entertainment at fair prices was a commercial possibility.

MONDAY'S
FREE MATINEE.

THIS COUPON ADMITS
holder, free of charge, to the
Pit-stalls, Amphitheatre,
and Gallery at the Lyceum
Theatre, Wellington Street,
Strand, on Monday, Feb. 6th,
8 p.m.

DOORS OPEN 2.30.

WEEK

ADMIRAL'S ORDER: "FIRE!"

Rojevstvensky Gave the Command To
Shell the North Sea Fishers.

MYSTERIOUS LETTER.

Yesterday's session of the North Sea Commission was the most interesting since that body began its sittings.

Captain Klado was again the witness, and had to reply to questions put by Baron Taube, Russia's legal assessor. These had reference to a letter written by Admiral Rojevstvensky to the witness, which had been put in among the private papers in the case.

This letter had two lines blacked out. Captain Klado refused to say what the missing lines were, maintaining they were private.

Further pressed, the witness explained that the letter had been written in the heat of the moment, and contained an expression which, though not offensive, was a very strong naval expression.

Then Captain Klado was questioned as to the failure of the Russians to render assistance to the damaged fishing craft.

Why had no Russian boat waited? asked Mr. Pickford.

Captain Klado referred him to Admiral Rojevstvensky's report, which said that the Russians knew they had damaged a fishing-boat, which was surrounded by other boats, and the important thing for him was to get away from the torpedo-boats.

Admiral's Order To Fire.

The actual story of the firing was then elicited from the witness by Admiral Beaumont.

Admiral Beaumont asked if the whole watch were sleeping at the guns.

Witness replied that he could not answer because he would thereby disclose the fighting drill of the Russian fleet.

"Why," said the Admiral, "was the order given, 'All hands on deck,' if you were all there?"

"When the bugle sounded the attack all went to their posts."

"Who gave the order to open fire?"—Admiral Rojevstvensky.

"How was it given?"—"By sound of bugle."

"Was the firing on the Khlaz Suvaroff sufficient signal for the others to open fire?"—"Yes. It was an established order that if the Admiral's ship opened fire on a given object the others were to open fire on the same object."

After Captain Klado had completed his evidence, Mr. O'Beirne said that as technical evidence had been given regarding torpedoes, he would like to call a British officer of great experience in these matters.

Admiral Fournier agreed that this would be of advantage.

Lieutenant Ellis then repeated the evidence contained in his depositions, and the sitting was adjourned.

PRICE OF BREAD RAISED.

Unprofitable Competition with Alien Bakers in the East End.

To-day the price of a quarter loaf in many small shops in the East End of London is 4½d.; on Monday the poor will have to pay one halfpenny more at most of the shops.

The lower price was fixed by many of the English bakers to meet the fierce competition from alien bakers.

So little profit has been made, however, at selling bread at the price that the Master Bakers' Association of Limehouse, Stratford, have decided to increase the price by one halfpenny on Monday where the lower price prevails.

The aliens, who supply many of the shelters and the small chandler's shops, are alleged to be only able to sell bread at the lower price by using inferior flour.

STRANGE DEATH ANNIVERSARY.

Eight boys stood round the tomb of William Glanville, in Wotton Glen, yesterday, with forefingers of right hand resting on the stone they recited the Lord's Prayer, Apostles' Creed, and the Ten Commandments. The seven who did it best were awarded £2 each, in accordance with the wishes of the donor, who died in 1719. Since then every anniversary of the death has been marked by this quaint performance over his grave.

FATAL ACT OF COURTESY.

Yesterday John Hilling, a carter, obligingly got off his wagon near Wymondham, Norfolk, to direct a motorist. Meanwhile, his horses slowly proceeded, and in running to remount the wagon he slipped under the wheels and was killed.

ROYAL WEDDING.

Beauty and Graciousness of the Princess-
Bride Charm the People of Darmstadt.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

DARMSTADT, Thursday.—The wedding took place here to-day under the most auspicious circumstances of the Grand Duke of Hesse (nephew of King Edward) and Princess Eleonore of Solms-Hohensolms-Lich.

At an early hour the town was astir with people from the country. Troops lined the streets, all in gala uniform.

The route from the New Palace to the Grand Ducal Chapel, where the marriage was solemnised, was decorated with venetian masts, on which flags and pennants stood at intervals of three feet apart on each side of the street, while flags, wreaths and flowers formed a canopy overhead. Huge banners, bearing addresses of welcome on either side, hung at the entrance to every street, and military bands played stirring music.

The bridal procession was greeted with enthusiasm, loud "Hochs!" and "Lebe wohls!" greeting the royal pair on their way to and from the church.

Bride's Graciousness.

The bride looked extremely charming and gracious in her bridal robes, and on her return from church threw back her bridal veil of lace so that the people might clearly see her face. She wore, too, a quantity of the beautiful jewels she has received as wedding gifts.

The Grand Duke wore the uniform of Colonel-in-Chief of the Hessian Guards, with many orders and decorations. The pair drove in an open carriage drawn by six horses.

The Prince and Princess of Solms-Hohensolms-Lich, father and mother of the bride, followed in

GENERAL GRIPENBERG,



Commander of the Second Russian Army in Manchuria, who, it is reported, has been blamed by General Kuropatkin as responsible for the Russian reverse at Sandepu, and is shortly to return from Manchuria.

the next carriage, with Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia representing the Kaiser.

The marriage took place at noon. After the ceremony the party drove back to the New Palace, where they sat down to luncheon, which lasted for several hours, and during the whole of which a military band played finely.

About six o'clock the Grand Duke and Duchess of Hesse left for the honeymoon, escorted by a body of Hessian Life Guards and Dragons.

FIVE-GUINEA PRIZE FOR SINGING.

At the Grand Choir Eisteddfod, in the Albert Hall, on the 23rd inst., there will be a special attraction of great interest to vocalists.

The publishers of the new Carmelite sixpenny music are offering a prize of five guineas for the best rendering of the sacred song, "The Lord Is My Shepherd," the competition being open to all, amateurs, teachers, etc.

Entries close on February 9, and copies of the song may be had from any newsagent or bookseller.

MISS CORELLI'S MOOD.

Miss Marie Corelli has filled Birmingham with disappointment by cancelling her engagement to lecture in that city on Dickens next week.

"Reasons partly public and partly private" are the phrase the authoress uses, but recent Carnegie-dispute criticism by wicked Pressmen are hinted at as the real cause.

PRINCESS VICTORIA.

Reported To Be Making Good
Progress.

YESTERDAY'S BULLETIN.

The bulletin yesterday concerning the condition of H.R.H. Princess Victoria indicated a marked advance towards recovery.

Sir Francis H. Laking and Sir Frederick Treves, who still remain in residence at Buckingham Palace, reported that, despite a restless night, the Princess during yesterday made "substantial progress."

Last night's bulletin, issued at 7 o'clock, read:—"Her Royal Highness Princess Victoria has had a very comfortable day, and her progress since the morning has been most gratifying. (Signed) Francis Laking, Frederick Treves."

There was a constant flow of callers at the Palace, and the Princess's condition is believed to be such as to permit the King leaving to-morrow or Monday for his deferred visit to Lord Rosebery at Mentmore.

The medical journals state that the operation was entirely free from complications.

The Princess, states the "Lancet," developed some time ago—when in her usual good health—evidences of trouble in the appendix. These became so acute after an attack of influenza early in January that an operation was decided upon, and was performed under the most favourable conditions.

The nursing arrangements at Buckingham Palace are under the care of Miss McCaul, who spends practically the whole of the day in close proximity to the sick-room.

The nurses are Nurse Fletcher, Nurse Isaacs, and Nurse Dora.

Nurse Fletcher, who attended his Majesty the King on the occasion of his grave illness in 1892, watches the royal patient during the night.

DRAWING ROOM IN DUBLIN.

Prince of Wales Graces a Brilliant Scene at the Castle.

The first Drawing Room of the Dublin season was held by the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland and Lady Dudley at the Castle last night, an exceptionally brilliant gathering being graced by the presence of the Prince of Wales.

Presentations took place in the Throne Room, where flags, flowers, and splendid palms were the prevailing decorations.

The Vicegeral party took up their positions on the dais shortly before ten o'clock, the Prince of Wales standing between Lady Dudley and the Lord-Lieutenant. His Royal Highness wore the Order and Ribbon of St. Patrick, and Lady Dudley wore a white satin gown, of Irish manufacture, beautifully embroidered, with some splendid jewels.

Lady Annesley was one of the most beautiful women present, whilst the most interesting debut was that of Miss Ivy Gordon-Lennox, who is a very pretty girl with fair hair.

The custom for the Lord-Lieutenant to kiss on the cheek each lady presented fell into desuetude at the beginning of Lord Dudley's "reign."

TOO KIND-LOOKING.

Inconvenience of Carrying Benevolence in One's Face.

Out of kindness, a man stated in the Lambeth County Court yesterday, that he had lent £13 in sums of £1 and £2, and £10, to an acquaintance, and could not get it back.

"Out of stupidity, I call it," said Judge Emden. "You should have been warned when you found that you could not get the £1 back."

The Plaintiff: I admit my foolishness.

The Judge: You must not let people know you are good-natured.

The Plaintiff: People say they see it in my face.

The defendant was ordered to pay £2 a month.

RAILWAYMEN'S BRAVERY.

A Palmer's Green correspondent calls our attention to the bravery of two railway officials at Farringdon-street Station.

He was on the down platform as a goods train was going through when he saw a gentleman fall between the trucks and the platform.

W. Warren and R. Oak, ticket collectors, leapt down and dragged him clear of the metals in face of an approaching passenger train.

UNWELCOME INTRUDERS.

The difficulties of Nonconformists, said the Rev. F. B. Meyer at a conference of Free Churches in London yesterday, had never been so great as now, with the almost continual presence of policemen, hawks, and other gentry in the homes of Free Churchesmen.

DEFEAT OF STEAM.

Heavy Losses Electricity Is Inflicting
on the Railways.

Directors of some of our great railways are, like their traffic, "depressed."

The competition of the electric tramcar, the electric omnibus, and the motor-omnibus is becoming something more than a mere bogie. It is being so severely felt by the London railways that serve suburbia that railway directors and shareholders alike are alarmed. In some of the great provincial centres it is the same.

While showing a decrease of nearly 2,000,000 passengers in the past year, the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway are issuing £1,000,000 of new capital. This enormous falling off in passenger traffic is officially admitted to be largely due to tramway competition.

The North London Railway shows a falling-off of £13,000 in passenger receipts for the half-year ending December 31, and seventeen English and Irish railways lost nearly £70,000 in one week recently, although this fact can only be partially attributed to the competition of electric traction.

On the other hand, the partial electrification of the Metropolitan system has met with striking success.

In half a year the metropolitan electric tramways are able to show an increase of £13,647 in receipts; the Chatham and District Tramways, £2,000. The "Twopenny Tube" is also advancing, whilst motor-omnibuses are being built with great rapidity.

Out of £41,000,000 now invested in tramways in this country only about £7,000,000 was devoted to electric traction two years ago.

Since then so many millions have been, and are being, sunk in electric tramways that the proportion of horse-drawn tramcars left has dwindled to an amazing extent.

NO TRAMCARS OVER THE BRIDGES.

The question of the encroaching electric tramway was discussed at the District Council yesterday, when the Court of Common Council by a large majority decided to oppose the London County Council's proposal to bring the tramways over the Blackfriars and Westminster Bridges.

Mr. A. C. Morton, on behalf of the committee who made this recommendation, said the objection was one of the regulation of traffic.

Persons, said Mr. W. H. Ellis, who would propose spending £350,000 for the purpose of saving a 4d. ride over the bridge were fit candidates for Hanwell.

NEW UNDERGROUND AT LAST.

On May 1 Electric Trains Will Run from Hammersmith to the City for 2d.

"On May 1 it will be possible to travel from end to end of the District Railway by electric train."

Thus Mr. Yerkes made to the *Daily Mirror*, yesterday afternoon, a definite statement which has long been asked for by travellers on the present smoke-begrimed Underground.

There are four trains now ready, and trial runs are held daily.

The complete trains of seven cars each are only arriving at the rate of two a week at present, but by the end of the month there will be one hundred cars in waiting.

The complete equipment for the new service is 400 cars, and these should all be in the sheds by the end of March.

The new trains will comprise seven cars, similar in type to those already familiar to Londoners, and will have seating room for 350 passengers.

The fare system will be one of terminal stations, and not 2d. all the way. For example, from Hounslow or Harrow to Hammersmith will be 2d., and also from Hammersmith to the Mansion House.

MINERS SAVED FROM DEATH.

Eight Welsh miners had a narrow escape from death yesterday in the Dallas colliery level, near Llywddoel. The men were coming out at noon from one of the branches leading to the mouth of the level when a heavy fall occurred and cut off their escape.

For a time it was believed that the miners had been buried alive, and a large gang of workers were put on to rescue them.

One miner daringly climbed up over the debris and shouted. He was answered in the distance by the imprisoned men, and at 5.30 last night they were got out uninjured.

* * Five shillings is all that it costs to ensure the sending of the *Over-Seas "Daily Mail"* for fifty-two weeks to any friend abroad, and thus providing weekly the best possible budget of latest home news.

A specimen copy of the journal sent on application to the Chief Clerk, "Daily Mail," Carmelite House, London, E.C.

REVIVAL RUSH.

Rich People Prepared To Pay Big Prices for Seats.

SINGULAR MISTAKES.

Nine thousand tickets were sent out last night for the opening of the Torrey-Alexander mission at the Albert Hall to-morrow evening. The destination of these passports was in many instances far beyond the boundaries of London. During yesterday hundreds of applications were made for tickets in person and by letter, and belated applicants were told they could not book for the first night, but might apply for tickets to attend succeeding meetings. It was a revelation to them to find an evangelistic meeting so strongly in public favour.

Well-to-do people offered to pay large prices for boxes and stalls. One lady sent five guineas for a family box, and explained that if this was too little she would remit the balance by return of post; another sent £10 for twenty ordinary seats, adding that the fund was to have what was left over. The £10 was returned to her, with the information that admission was free with and without tickets. Back came the £10 promptly as a gift to the mission.

Thousands of Letters.

Not only among the rich, but among the poor also has this misunderstanding prevailed. The idea of booking seats between and without paying for the privilege appears to have been unimagineable to many minds. It kept the officials sending to open letters by almost every post from poor folk enclosing a shilling for a seat or a sovereign to buy tickets for a party of twenty.

Sometimes in their haste applicants enclosed envelopes scamped, but unaddressed. One man, who was converted by the Torrey-Alexander mission at Stoke Newington a year ago, enclosed £5, to be spent upon seats for any five old people that wanted to go to the meeting to-morrow night, but could not afford the money.

Altogether it seems tolerably certain that if a charge had been levied for seats on the first night the mission fund would have been greatly enriched thereby, instead of being in rather a languishing way. But the council resolved that the mission way should have no taint of mammon about it.

The "Sunday Companion," the well-known religious home journal, is publishing this week a special Torrey-Alexander number. It is full of anecdotes and incidents connected with Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander.

The "Sunday Companion" amongst the religious weeklies, bids fair to be the popular revival paper, and those interested in this big mission should see that they get the "Sunday Companion" every week.

"SATAN TEMPTED ME."

Excuse Offered by a Ten-Year-Old Boy Charged with Forgery.

"Satan tempted me," cried a ten-year-old boy named Charles Helm, charged at Marylebone yesterday with forging a banker's cheque for £2 10s.

With part of the money the boy took a train ride, but on alighting fell and injured his head. He was taken to the hospital, and there arrested.

Mr. Plowden (to the lad): Perhaps now you understand the character of Satan. He tempted you to steal, and you jump into a train with the money and tumble out and hurt your head. What do you think of Satan now?

The magistrate, who said he had never known such a young lad charged with forgery before, ordered a remand to enable the father to repay the money.

"HIS ENGLISH WIFE."

English Girl's Miserable Life with a Dark Indian Prince.

Married in 1898 to Nowab Mahmood Ali Khan, an Indian Prince, Florence Bianchi, his English wife, says she has since lived a life of misery at her house in Clapham.

They met when the lady was only fifteen years of age. The honeymoon, spent in Douglas, Isle of Man, was a happy one, but soon after their return to London the Prince is alleged to have commenced to systematically ill-treat his wife.

Now the lady wants a separation order against her husband, and for this reason yesterday attended the South-Western Police Court.

The wife, fashionably attired and very attractive-looking, told a painful story.

Two marriage ceremonies were held, she said, one at a Paddington registry-office and the other in accordance with the rights of the Mohammedan Church.

The Prince, she went on to say, had often blacked her eyes, had threatened her with a red-hot poker, chased her out of the house in her night-dress, and had also threatened to drown her child.

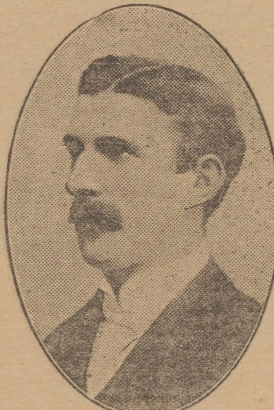
Her counsel alleged that the Prince had murderous instincts.

He had driven his wife out of the house at the point of a knife, and had made an effort to strangle her.

Asked by the defendant's counsel whether it was not true that a gentleman friend had stopped at her house without her husband's knowledge, the wife replied: "He was my brother's friend."

On being informed that the Prince's income was £800 the magistrate said he would remit the case to the Divorce Court.

M.P.'s SUNDAY SCHOOL.



Mr. A. E. Hutton, M.P., and superintendent of the Ecclesiastical Congregational Sunday School, who has just addressed a circular letter to the young men of that town, warning them of the dangers of self-deceit. (Elliott and Fry.)

AFRAID OF COUNSEL.

Confused Divorce Petitioner Complimented on Withdrawing His Case.

For refusing to go on with a case a strange reason was given yesterday by Mr. Charles de Gallo, who was granted some time ago a divorce against his wife.

The King's Proctor, in Mr. Justice Bigham's Court, intervened against the decree being made absolute.

"I think I would rather let it go than fight it out," said Mr. de Gallo. "I feel so confused about the case, and I have able counsel against me. I will withdraw the case, not being prepared to deny misconduct on oath."

The judge: Mr. de Gallo is a very wise man. The decree will be rescinded.

PAUPER'S NOVEL PLAIN.

Ten able-bodied paupers, inmates of the St. George's Workhouse, Southwark, motivated for the purpose of ventilating a grievance, and as a result found themselves in the dock at Southwark Police Court yesterday.

The men complained that they were not allowed to go out and seek for work, thereby needlessly keeping fifty-seven people—ten men, nine wives, and thirty-eight children—on the rate and the prisoners with a caution, and said he had no doubt the guardians used their discretion wisely.

TOWN CLERK IN THE DOCK.

Story of the £11,000 Lost by Holborn Borough.

PATHETIC SCENE.

White, careworn, and haggard, Henry Corbett Jones, the Holborn Town Clerk, whose confession of a £10,000 theft startled London a few days ago, stood in the dock yesterday at Bow-street Extra-dition Court.

He presented a very different spectacle to the immaculately-dressed man of forty-five who had been always looked upon with respect in the City.

Until his confession last week there appears to have been no suspicion against the town clerk, whose investigation that have been made show there is a deficit of at least £11,000 in the Holborn Council's accounts, including interest on large sums belonging to the ratepayers that have been improperly applied.

Mr. K. D. Muir, acting for the council, made a preliminary reference to Jones's previous unblemished reputation, and the prisoner, standing in the dock, bowed his head on his hands.

"You can sit down, if you like," said the magistrate, sympathetically.

In consequence of facts, continued counsel, that came to his knowledge, Mr. Carson Roberts, the Government auditor, wrote last month to Jones, who was away on account of ill-health, telling him that he had surcharged him with £10,500, which could not be accounted for.

After receiving this letter Jones rose from a sick-bed and gave himself up at Bow-street.

Next, in detail, Mr. Muir told how certain payments were made by cheque to the Holborn Borough Council and were paid in by Jones to his own account.

"How it was his bankers accepted cheques made out in that way I do not understand," said Mr. Muir.

After Mr. Muir, in conclusion, had stated that the Holborn Council, although compelled to prosecute, wished to treat their old servant with every consideration and would not oppose bail, Mr. John Walter Malby, a builder, gave evidence.

Bail was allowed in three sureties, two in £1,000 and one in £2,000.

FASCINATING OFFICER.

Solicitor's Wife Meets Him at Blarney, and Elopes to Canada.

After four years of married life, Mr. Charles George Gamble, a Dublin solicitor, applied in that city for a divorce from his wife, naming Charles George Guy, an officer formerly of H.M.S. Melampus, as co-respondent.

There were three children of the marriage, said petitioner's counsel, and towards the end of 1903 Mrs. Gamble became acquainted with Mr. Guy while his ship was at Kingstown.

In April Mrs. Gamble was anxious that he should visit London, and while he was away Mr. Guy dined alone with her at petitioner's house.

At Blarney Hydro, where Mrs. Gamble went for change of air, Mr. Guy also arrived, and she was seen in his room.

The sequel came in August, when Mrs. Gamble sailed for Canada with Mr. Guy as Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Guy.

The hearing was adjourned.

TALE OF A BUN.

Solicitor Gets Small Consolation for His Unfortunate Elite.

The only solatium that Mr. George Chaproniere, solicitor, of the Haymarket, has derived from his appeal to the law for the damage his "second left bit of pig" tooth sustained in being a Bath bun is a provisional arrangement that he shall receive £5 if higher Courts interfere with the decision that King's Bench Court II. came to yesterday.

Mr. Chaproniere bit a bun bought at Mason's, in Charles-street, Haymarket, and found that his "bicuspid" had come in contact with a stone.

Mr. Justice Jelf asked the jury whether it thought that the bun supplied to Mr. Chaproniere was eatable, and the jury answered "Yes." To the question "Had there been negligence?" it said "No." So judgment was entered for Mr. Mason, with the reservation mentioned above.

"MURDERED" BABY PRODUCED.

When arrested on a charge of having murdered her baby, Miss Emily Alexander, of Roscrea, Co. Tipperary, produced a child which she said was the one supposed to be dead.

The remains of a baby had, however, been found in a gunny bag in her brother's garden. Miss Alexander was brought before the magistrate and remanded.

DRAMA OF A BROOCH.

Remarkable Real Life Play Unfolded in the Law Courts.

The following is the cast and scenario of a real-life play supplied yesterday by an action tried before Mr. Justice Warrington.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Mrs. Irene Gwendoline Fleming Conant, a beautiful young actress, who took a part in "The Girl from Bay's."

Mr. Reginald Wymer, a gentleman well known in sporting circles, the lady's lover before she was Mrs. Conant.

A magnificent diamond pendant brooch, valued at £100.

Waiters, cabmen, pawnbrokers, etc.

SCENE I.

Outside the Apollo stage door. Time, two years ago. Mr. Wymer is introduced to Mrs. Conant, then "Mrs. Allen," and they make friends. (Scene supplied by Mr. Wymer's evidence.)

SCENE II.

Ascot. Mr. Wymer and Mrs. Allen are both living here.

SCENE III.

A pawnbroker's shop. Mr. Wymer pawns several of Mrs. Allen's jewels, including the lovely diamond brooch. (This scene is supplied by Mrs. Conant's evidence.)

SCENE IV.

Buckingham Palace Hotel. Mr. Wymer borrows £10 from a cashier.

SCENE V.

Berkeley Hotel. Mr. Wymer borrows £3 from a waiter.

SCENE VI.

Café Royal. Mr. Wymer borrows £50 from a waiter.

SCENE VII.

Newmarket. Mr. Wymer borrows £10 from a cabman.

(The above borrowing scenes are from Mr. Wymer's evidence.)

SCENE VIII.

A pawnbroker's shop. Mr. Wymer pawns a fur coat belonging to Mrs. Allen.

(Scene supplied by Mr. Wymer.) This play yesterday resulted in Mrs. Conant's being awarded £100 for her brooch against the pawnbroker with whom it was pledged.

"POODLES" BABY.

Painful Affair at Norbiton Recalled by a Libel Action.

A young lady named Mary Davis yesterday, before Mr. Justice Lawrence, brought actions for libel against the "Daily Chronicle" and two Surrey newspapers.

One of the libels complained of in the "Chronicle" was headed:—

"Lost Baby. Strange Kidnapping Case from Norbiton. Search for the Nurse."

It will be thus seen that the matter at issue was concerned with the story referred to in the newspapers last year as the "Poodles" case. "Poodles" was a pet name of the child.

Counsel complained that the "Chronicle" had made it appear that Miss Davis had wrongfully taken away the child and some bank-notes. As a matter of fact, the child was her own, and the charge made about the notes was proved to be wrong. The money she had was for her own.

Counsel then said that the plaintiff had been promised marriage by Mr. Rolfe, the father of the child. After this promise she lived with him as his wife, and found out afterwards that he was legally married to another lady.

The jury awarded Miss Davis £500 damages against the "Daily Chronicle," and £150 each against the other newspapers.

NEW DIVORCE LEADER.

Mr. J. C. Priestley, K.C., who becomes the leader of the Divorce Bar in succession to Mr. Baggrave Deane, has recovered from his recent illness, and will return to the Bar to-day to resume his practice.

If you Suffer

from any disease arising from impurities in the blood, such as Eczema, Scrofula, Scurvy, Bad Legs, Blood poison, Boils, Pimples, Rheumatism, Gout, &c., you should test the value of Clarke's Blood Mixture, the world-famed Blood Purifier and Restorer. It is wanted to cleanse the blood from all impure matter from whatever cause arising. Thousands of testimonials from all parts of the world. Of all chemists and stores. Ask for

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The Cheapest Shop for Watches and Clocks in the World.

"DAILY MIRROR" GENERAL ELECTION.

Results of Our Canvass in Lancashire Constituencies.

MORE LIBERAL GAINS.

Mr. Winston Churchill Expected To Win in North-West Manchester.

Still the "flowing tide," according to the *Daily Mirror* election canvass, is with the Liberals.

To-day we publish the returns from Lancashire, which emphasise the significance of those already given for London, the West of England, Yorkshire, and the Home Counties.

So far the position is as follows:—

	1900	Next Election.
Conservatives	221	168
Liberals	72	125

The following table gives the position in Lancashire, showing the political representation in 1900 as compared with the result at the next election, as foreshadowed by our experts:—

	1900	Coming Election
	Seats	C. L. C. L.
Lancashire—Towns ..	35	31 4
Counties ..	23	16 7
		13 10

In the above calculations, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, Nationalist, who represents the Scotland Division of Liverpool, is counted with the Liberals.

The constituencies which will probably change their Party colour at the next election are the following:—

LIBERAL GAINS (9).	CONSERVATIVE GAIN (1).
Ashton-under-Lyne.	Lancaster.
*Bolton.	
Darwen.	
Liverpool ("Change)	
Manchester, N.W.	
Manchester, S.	
Middleton.	
North Lonsdale.	
Rochdale.	

Net Liberal gain: Eight seats.
* Labour gain.

It will be noticed that our canvassers anticipate the success of Mr. Winston Churchill in North-West Manchester, which Sir William Houldsworth (Conservative), who is not seeking re-election, has continuously represented since 1886.

In almost every constituency throughout the county the electors are expected to give their votes on the subject of tariff reform.

The predicted results in detail are appended:—

LANCASHIRE BOROUGHES (35 seats).

Ashton-under-Lyne—Mr. Alfred H. Scott (L.). Liberal gain. The two political parties are somewhat evenly balanced, but the fiscal wave has favoured the Liberal cause.

Barrow-in-Furness—Sir C. Cayzer (C.). No change. Misunderstandings exist between the Liberal and Labour Parties.

(Continued on page 10.)

DECADENCE OF JEW'S HARP.

Birmingham Suffers from a Change in the Musical Taste of the Crowd.

Modification in the musical tastes of the Kafir and the Australian aborigine is producing its consequences in Birmingham.

The seat for more than a century of the manufacture of the Jew's harp, the Midland capital is threatened with the loss of the time-honoured industry, which is fast languishing away to vanishing point.

Halfpenny trifle though it is, and seemingly simple, the Jew's harp yet requires no mean skill for its construction, and a score of separate processes.

Birmingham will not be hard hit by the death of the trade, which only gives employment to some fifty or sixty men, many of whom are descendants of the original workers.

INTERESTING NEWS ITEMS.

Sir H. S. King, M.P., introduces a deputation to Mr. Brodric to-day on the subject of the tea duty.

Mr. Edward Theodore Salvesen, Solicitor-General for Scotland, was unanimously chosen Unionist candidate for Bute-shire yesterday.

A sleeping-car on a Great Western express from London left the metals outside Dainton tunnel, South Devon, yesterday. No one was injured.

Liverpool scavengers are not to receive less than 4s. a day wages. This decision will cost the city corporation £13,000 more per annum than formerly.

Some of the roads at St. Helens are so bad that even the horses shy at them, so a doctor told the town council. Colliers have to walk to their work ankle-deep in mud and water.

York Corporation are considering the question of taking down the old Castle walls. They will not, however, regard it as a scheme for providing present work for the unemployed.

Whether they should have the window opened or not caused high words at a meeting of Spalding Guardians. Thirteen voted for "a stuffy atmosphere" and four for "fresh air."

Lord Howard de Walden has given permission for the annual exhibition of the Royal Amateur Society to be held at Seaford House, Belgrave-square, on March 9 to 12, in aid of the usual London charities.

"If a stranger had not appeared on the scene the inhabitants would have lived and died without being impressed by the idea that they were surrounded by an invisible force of pathogenic microbes." A farmer-member of the Wigton Rural Council thus expressed his opinion about a smell from a drain.

Volumes of Traffic Commission evidence will be published in March. The Commission resumed its sittings in London yesterday.

Sir R. R. Holmes, whom King Edward knighted the other day, has over 200,000 volumes under his care in Windsor Castle Library.

A young lady of Dundee is to be buried in her bridal robes. Had she lived she was to have been married during the next few days.

Many objections to Mrs. Close's scheme of emigration of Poor Law children are given in a leaflet issued by the State Children's Association.

Haitian guardians are initiating a scheme to establish a farm colony in connection with the workhouse. Details are being prepared for the benefit of the Local Government Board.

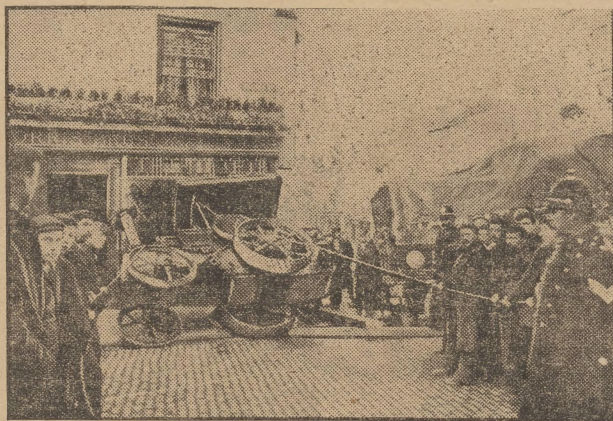
Mr. F. G. Aflalo says he has seen a huge vodka flask which was drawn up from the North Sea in a trawl. He asks if this explains the visions that were about at the time of the Dogger Bank outrage.

Runcorn has introduced the latest novelty in connection with bazaar ceremonies. Young ladies occupied the platform and conducted all the proceedings, ending by pronouncing the bazaar open in chorus.

"Don't be too hard upon poor debtors. Many of them have lived very hard lives, and grudge parting with their property. Don't take more than is necessary." This advice was given by the Sheffield County Court Judge when licensing bailiffs.

Although blown down the hold of the ss. *Buccaneer* at Scarborough, in yesterday's gale, George Golton, one of the crew, escaped with fractured ribs and an injured head. Some months ago another man who fell down the hold of the same ship was killed.

CURIOUS ACCIDENT AT GUILDFORD.



While pulling a furniture-van through the streets of Guildford yesterday this traction-engine somehow found its way into a tailor's shop window, and was overturned.

A motor-car service for schoolboys has been inaugurated between Chirk and Llangollen.

After lasting fifteen days, the strike at the three Tranent collieries is settled. Work was restarted yesterday.

Since he visited Leeds over a week ago, a Hull electrical engineer named Mr. Charles Wokes has been missing.

Scores of claimants to the fortune of £750 left by a Birkenhead woman miser have written to the relieving officer.

Simultaneously with the funeral of the late Lord Henry Vane-Tempest at Plas Machynlleth, Montgomeryshire, a memorial service was held in Christ Church, Piccadilly yesterday.

From Monday next there will be a general rise in the price of bread in the metropolitan area. This step is said to have been rendered necessary by the extremely low price to which competition had driven the trade.

Mr. James Spittal, who is retiring from the post of clerk to the Douglas magistrates, is eighty years of age, and has held the post for over fifty years, during which there has not been a single appeal against any decision of his Bench.

Just before his death Mr. J. E. Ransome, of Ipswich, dictated a letter to his workpeople, foremen, and staff, wishing them "Good-bye" and thanking them for their faithful and loyal service. A copy has been posted at the works.

A Grimsby trawler had a terrible experience on its last fishing trip. The vessel encountered a blinding snowstorm, and several of the crew were imprisoned in the forecastle owing to the door being frozen fastened by the frozen sea-water.

An old man, over ninety years of age, and who has been blind for many years, has just been baptised at Landore.

Fog last year cost the shareholders of the London and India Docks Company no less than an eight per cent. of the dividend.

London's average daily supply of water during December was 205,022,000 gallons, or 31.4 gallons per head of the population.

Much irritation has been created in Hounslow by the holding of coursing meetings on Sunday mornings in a field off the Staines-road. Every variety of coursing dog is represented at these gatherings.

Sir Henry Irving made a Portsmouth schoolboy happy by sending him an "order" for the stalls at the local theatre. Having no money and wishing to see the great actor, the lad wrote to him confiding his ambition.

Practical evidence of the King's interest in the Irish peasant worker is again forthcoming. His Majesty has commanded that the Irish Industries Association, Motcomb-street, Belgrave-square, and at Dublin, shall be known as the Royal Irish Industries Association.

"If all gave systematically, as God has prospered them, we should practically have no money difficulties," says the vicar of Heeley in his parish magazine. Then he relates how a rich lady, who commended the sermons, contributed three-halfpence at two services.

In a letter from the American Ambassador, replying to an invitation to speak at the meeting at the Mansion House on the 6th inst. in aid of the funds of the Church Army, His Excellency says that he is in deep sympathy with the movement and wishes it every possible success.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Descriptions of the Principal Photographs in To-day's "Daily Mirror."

ALL ABOUT THE PICTURES.

A ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHER.

Though nearly all the members of our Royal Family are enthusiastic photographers, it is not often that any of their work is permitted to appear and therefore the portrait of Princess Victoria, taken by her sister, Princess Maud (Princess Charles of Denmark), which we are able to reproduce on page 1 to-day, will doubtless attract the particular attention of our readers.

Princess Charles of Denmark is a photographer of long standing, and, as may be seen, is fairly mistress of the art; but, perhaps, the most enthusiastic and the most capable of royal photographic artists is Queen Alexandra, whose camera is the constant companion of her travels, and continually in use taking pictorial notes, prints of which are duly preserved in a series of probably the most interesting photograph albums in the world.

The Queen, it has been noted, takes peculiar pleasure in "getting a shot" at the photographers who are lying in wait to take pictures of her Majesty at different points during her journeys.

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM RUSSIA.

We were able to get some interesting photographs through from Russia yesterday, as may be seen by the reproductions on pages 1 and 8.

The one appearing on the front page is especially notable, alike for its subject and on account of the difficulty which must have been experienced in obtaining it. To wield a camera inside a church in Russia while service is proceeding has a look of sacrilege to the Orthodox eye, and the punishments of sacrilege are severe.

It gives an excellent portrait of the Metropolitan Antoine of St. Petersburg, who has made his name familiar all over the world by the denunciations and anathemas he has hurled at Father Gapon, the leader of the demonstrators whose march to the Winter Palace came to such a disastrous ending. The Metropolitan has just formally deprived Father Gapon of all his rights and privileges as a priest of the Orthodox Church—rather an unnecessary proceeding, one would think, in view of the fact that the agitator-priest was solemnly excommunicated some days ago.

It is rather curious to remember that it was the Metropolitan Antoine who in the first place recommended Father Gapon as a suitable man to calm the discontented working men of St. Petersburg. It was this that brought the priest into touch with the men whom he afterwards led to make their great protest.

ANARCHY IN WARSAW.

The first picture of page 8 shows one of the Government vodka stores in Warsaw, which, with many others, was wrecked by the rioters, the windows being smashed, the counters and other fittings broken into fragments, and the money-tills emptied or the floor.

The leading business thoroughfare of Warsaw, the *Nowy Swiat*, appears in the other photograph. It has been the scene of a number of collisions between the troops and the rioters, the latter having made free use of revolvers and knives.

HISTORIC MANSION BURNED DOWN.

Great Gledesdon Place, Hemel Hempstead, of which a picture will be found on page 8, has just been totally destroyed by fire. The money value of the damage done is estimated at upwards of £50,000.

The mansion belonged to Mr. Thomas Halsey, M.P., and has recently been occupied by Mr. John Kerr, M.P., whose daughter was the first to discover the fire, and gave the alarm in time for all the inmates of the house to escape.

The building was a handsome specimen of the Italian style so popular in the eighteenth century, and dated from 1774. It stands 80ft. above water-level, and engines capable of pumping such a height were not forthcoming or the fire might have been stayed before it reached such dimensions.

ROYAL PENSION FOR A VETERAN SOLDIER.

The King has just given an annual pension of £10 and the Meritorious Service medal to Sergeant-Major Frewer, whose portrait appears on page 9.

Sergeant-Major Frewer has no less than thirty-seven years' service to his credit, for he joined the 6th Regiment of Foot so far back as 1858, and was finally discharged from the 3rd Cheshire Battalion of Volunteers until 1895. In the interim he went through fourteen years' service in India, taking part in the expeditions against Sikim and the Hill tribes in 1861, and the Hazara and Black Mountain campaigns of 1868.

The sergeant-major long ago gained the long service and good conduct medals, and before he was discharged from his old regiment in 1879 had become its musketry-instructor. He then joined the Cheshire Volunteers and was posted at Northwich, where he remained until the end of his service.

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are at
 12, WHITEFRIARS-STREET,
 LONDON, E.C.
 TELEPHONES: 1310 and 2100 Holborn.
 TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "Reflexed," London.
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Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1905.

WHY DO WOMEN MARRY?

EVERY now and then, at pretty regular intervals, cases come up which make the problem, "What is it in men that fascinates women?" more than usually puzzling. They are cases such as that of the man Hoch, who has just been arrested in America, and who is said to have had at least twenty-six wives, a record which altogether beats anything that British legal records can produce. Chapman and Deeming and Crossman were amateurs by the side of Mr. Hoch.

The men who succeed in inducing numbers of women one after the other to share their destinies are of various types, but they have one thing in common. They almost always strike one as being singularly unattractive, according to the ordinary standards. Hoch is stated to be short and fat and commonplace of feature, with an unusually high forehead. Nothing in his appearance accounts in the least for the astonishing influence he had over his dupes.

Suppose a well-looking, average man, with a fairly large acquaintance, were asked how many women he could persuade to marry him. He would say, perhaps, three or four. Yet these ill-looking fellows of the Hoch type can go on adding to the number of their victims indefinitely, so long as the law lets them alone. What can their secret of attraction be?

One of this Chicago Bluebeard's "wives" is trying to cover her confusion by declaring that she was hypnotised! Another says he played the zither and sang so sweetly. Another speaks of him as being very useful in the house, cleaning windows, running errands, and so on. Pathetic references to his "first wife" appear to have an insidious influence over most of them. Talk tall as to the brilliant future he saw ahead of him was not without its effect.

Was Hoch an ingenious reader of feminine nature who adapted his methods to each particular case? Or did he apply the same treatment in all cases, and hit every time upon a woman susceptible to it? Or was there some fascination about him which appealed to all women alike?

Possibly his trial may clear up the mystery. More probably it will remain insoluble, and we shall be left to grope in the dark for the qualities in man that subjugate woman. Are we any more sure about the attractions in woman which make conquest over man?

RAILWAY DIRECTORS DOOMED

Some people never see things until they are right under their noses. Railway chairmen and directors suffer from this defect. Only now are they beginning to discover that for short-distance travelling the railway is a clumsy contrivance compared with the motor-omnibus, or even the electric tramcar.

Who would take the trouble to go to a railway station, walk up or down many stairs, buy a ticket, have it clipped, and wait for a train if he could get into a swift vehicle close to his own door and be carried to his destination without further ado? That is what we are soon coming to, and the railway companies have just begun to find it out.

Some of them are meeting the situation with enterprise and energy. Others take the blow lying down and whining. That can only lead to further disaster. What the railways must do is to adopt better systems of management.

Boards of ornamental directors, for instance, should all go. They are no good whatever. What a railway wants is one capable man at the head of it, not a collection of incapables. All railway shareholders who are anxious about their property should raise this question at the half-yearly meetings.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

If books cost the tenth part of what bracelets do, even foolish men and women might sometimes suspect there was good in reading as well as in sparkling. —*Ruthin*.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

FESTIVITIES are still in full swing in Dublin, where the Prince of Wales has scarcely a moment's rest between orgiastic function and the next. No wonder it was arranged that the house-party at Ashford should be quiet and informal, for the Dublin stay has been very exhausting, though very pleasant, for the Prince. Last night he attended the Dublin Drawing Room, which was crowded with everyone of note in Ireland. The hotels of Dublin have now not a room to spare, but the season of rejecting for hotel-keepers will be all too brief, since the Prince of Wales leaves for London to-morrow,

and the crowds who have gathered to welcome him will depart with him.

Two months ago the political clubs were certain the general election would be over and done with before the end of April. To-day betting is about even that the election will not interfere with this session at all. Yet, all the same, some of those deepest in the confidence of Mr. Chamberlain shake their heads and are heard to declare in whispers that he is tired of the present situation and would like to see an election before the summer. It seems to be generally feared, by the way, that the Bute election will mark another Government defeat, though it is only the very

sanguine prophets who expect this to have any influence with the Prime Minister. He will only say again, "We must take these things as they come."

The Grand Duke of Hesse, whose marriage to the Princess Eleonore of Solms-Hoholms-Lich was the great social event of yesterday, is a man of quite unusual tastes and occupation. Although he is an excellent shot, he takes no interest whatever in sport. What really seems to give him pleasure is the feminine occupation of embroidery. He used at one time to do quite a lot of fancy work, which he had brought to him in the morning and sat down in bed. His former wife, the Princess Victoria Melite of Saxe-Coburg, disapproved of these tastes entirely. She cared for nothing but open-air exercise of the most strenuous kind.

What is the reason of the extraordinary theatrical slump which set in a fortnight ago, and continues with all the severity of a February frost? One of the best plays in London, making a weekly profit of £500 a month ago, fell to £100 last week, and is likely to reach an even lower figure than this. Managers are divided as to whether the slump is caused by the weather, the variety theatres, or the influence of the religious revival. None of these seems sufficient to account for it alone. Perhaps it is the effect of all three combined. Much is hoped for from the return of the Court to Buckingham Palace.

The welcome given to Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, who were the guests of the new Vagabond Club last night, shows that their long absence from London has not diminished the regard felt for them. It is now fully twenty-six years since the Kendals, together with Mr. Hare, first drew all London to see them at the St. James's. Mrs. Kendal, in spite of that long absence, does not think much of the stage as a profession for women. In her outspoken way, she has pointed out that "to succeed on the stage a woman must have the epidemics of a rhinoceros, the strength of a man, and the feelings of a graven image."

The fatigue of long tours Mrs. Kendal particularly dislikes. But these bring very curious experiences sometimes. Mrs. Kendal once told me of her meeting with a man who (as she said) had a harder time of it even than actors. "It was when she was playing in Denver, Colorado. A cadaverous-looking person arrived to interview her. He shivered so with the cold that the kind-hearted actress offered him some hot coffee. Then he began to ask questions. His questions rapid, showed that he knew nothing whatever about the stage. Mrs. Kendal gently hinted this to him, and he replied: "No, my girl, I have never interviewed any but murderers. Now I am taking up actors." She hoped that he found the change refreshing.

The Vagabonds could have found no more fitting chairman to welcome Mr. and Mrs. Kendal than Mr. William Leonard Courtney, editor of the "Fortnightly Review," and dramatic critic of the "Daily Telegraph." Mr. Courtney is a scholar as well as a journalist—a rare combination. In the 'seventies he was, indeed, a don at Oxford. He enlivened the dormant life of a don by founding the now famous Oxford Union Dramatic Society. In connection with that institution he once invited Sir Henry Irving down to Oxford, and introduced him to Jowett, who was then master of Balliol.

After the two famous men had talked for a while together Mr. Courtney asked them what they thought of each other. "A-hem," said Sir Henry frowning with his expressive eyebrows, "he appears somewhat reserved." Then Mr. Courtney put the same question to Jowett. "Well," said Jowett, "I—er—liked him, but he seems to think more than he speaks, eh?" Jowett never realised, apparently, that he was a silent man. It was he who went for a long walk with a shy undergraduate once, and during the whole of it he said absolutely nothing but "Yes" and "No."

Finally the wretched undergrad relapsed into frozen silence. They walked on together for hours without a word. Then, as they reached the gates of Balliol and the walk was over, the youth, driven to despair, burst out with, "What delightful weather we are having, aren't we?" Jowett made no observation, but when the youth had said good-bye and had moved away about a hundred yards he called him back, and said drily, "That last remark of yours was not a particularly brilliant one." That was how Jowett understood the lost art of conversation.

IN MY GARDEN.

FEBRUARY 2.—The warmer weather of the past few days has wrought a change in the garden. Many plants peep above ground. Every mild morning will be interesting now. Some lupins, phloxes, Michaelmas daisies, have started to grow.

At this season it is interesting to compare the various ways that bulbs and tubers begin their growth.

Flowers of the winter aconite coming straight out of the soil, the green foliage of the anemone rising two months before blossom-time. The beautiful habit of the snowdrop, scilla, blue-bell. The stately manner of the hyacinth, the awkward tulip.

E. F. T.

THE SPOTS ON THEIR SUNS.



Looking for the spots on the sun, visible this week, has been a favourite occupation during the last few days. To different people they mean different things. The cabman fears the motor-car coming; the music-hall manager is uncomfortable about the "Daily Mirror" week at the Lyceum. Mr. Chamberlain's and the Tsar's "spots" need no explanation.

A MAN OF THE HOUR.

The New Divorce and Admiralty President.

M^R. JUSTICE BARNES is a fitting Admiralty Court Judge, for he is devoted to ships. No holidays are worth much to him if he cannot spend them on the sea. On land he never escapes from the postman and the telegraph boy. The ocean, he says, is the only place where he can call his soul his own.

Naturally, during his twelve years in this court as second Judge, he has always liked his shipping cases better than divorce suits. The latter he calls the outpourings of "the social pigstye." A good Admiralty case brings into court the "murmurs and scents of the infinite sea"—it is nearly as good as a day at the seaside.

A small man with a rather full, rather red, very round face, he is an exceedingly shrewd judge of a witness. He is very fond of the story of the sailor who had been up to give witness, and who told a lawyer he met in the train. "Come along Justice Barnes, I did. No use telling 'im no lies. 'E knows a thing or two, 'e does."

He once had a case to try in which the value of a cargo of eggs was in question. One side hoped the Judge knew nothing about eggs. They were mistaken. "There are," he said shrewdly, "three classes of eggs—eggs, fresh eggs, and new-laid eggs. Now, which were these?" And counsel had to admit that these were merely "eggs."

No wonder he is well up in farming and dairy matters, for he has a nice little model farm all complete at his place in Suffolk, and that is where he spends the happiest hours of his life. There he plays golf and shoots over about eight hundred acres, and when there is a good frost, skates.

He is a very popular man, even with people who do not know him. He finds it quite embarrassing to be so often talked to by strangers in railway carriages! And it may be added that with no one is he more popular than with Lady Barnes. Perhaps that is why he never can understand why people should come and ask him for a divorce.

THE MIRROR UP TO NATURE.

Sunshine in the City.

AFTER months of shivering misery, what a joy to have the window wide open again at breakfast, to have the sun beating in and glinting everywhere about the table, to bask in that life-giving warmth instead of before the fire.

But even on such a day mankind must go to work instead of starting off for a country walk, the only thing for which he really feels inclined. But the Underground or the Tube—no thank you. With the sun shining, and the birds singing as though they really meant it?—not likely.

Even the prosperous merchant, as he struggles into his overcoat to start on his journey cityward, smiles to himself at the mere thought of diving down into the bowels of the earth on such a day.

If one has to go to work at all it's bad enough to go on the top of an omnibus without facing smoke and darkness. And if it does take half an hour longer, and if that does mean not getting to the office till even the last of the clerks has arrived with his regular excuse about a late train—though he really lives in Bloomsbury—what does it matter? It's only once in a while.

So the heavy merchant swings his stick—it is no day for an umbrella—as he strolls from his front-door, and smokes an extra cigar as he talks to the driver of the omnibus which bears him cityward at about five miles an hour, including the stops at the corners, though every seat is full.

And when he does reach the office the clerk has not arrived from Bloomsbury, but the excuse of the late train is accepted without a murmur when its appointed time arrives.

At lunch-time he buys a bunch of violets and pins them in his buttonhole, and the office-boy, who is going to be a successful business man when he grows up, promptly asks for a rise in salary—and gets it.

Really, it's good to be alive on such a day, even though one does not feel like grubbing after money.

NEWS PHOTOGRAPHS.

WARSAW VODKA SHOP WRECKED.



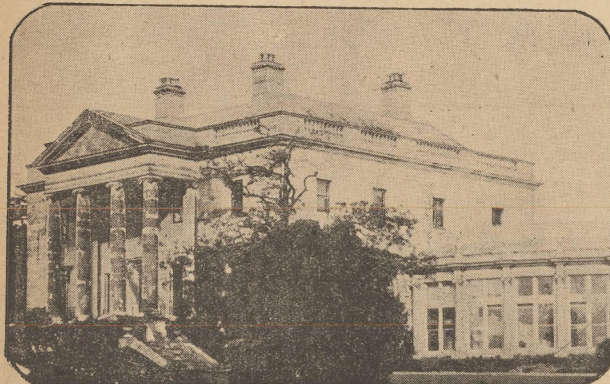
The cross in this photograph indicates the Government alcohol (vodka) shop, at 66, Cold-street, Warsaw, which has just been sacked by the rioters. The windows were shattered into fragments and the counters and furniture broken into bits.

SCENE OF DISTURBANCES AT WARSAW.



The Novi Sviat, the leading business thoroughfare of Warsaw, where much fighting has taken place between the strikers and the military. Warsaw is in a state of siege, street fighting still continues, and the mob is growing in a dangerous fashion.

HISTORIC MANSION DESTROYED.



The historic mansion, Great Gaddesden Place, Hemel Hempstead, which has just been destroyed by fire. For centuries it has been the home of the Halsey family. Mr. Paton, the butler, was buried beneath the debris of one of the walls, and was killed.

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS OF THESE PHOTOGRAPHS SEE PAGE 6.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S VISIT



This group photograph of the Prince of Wales, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and the hon. Mr. George, marked the opening of the Castle season. His Royal Highness is seen in the centre of the group. To the Prince's left is the Lord Lieutenant, and standing next to his Excellency is Mr. George.

MR. JUSTICE BARNES,



Who has just been appointed President of the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division, in succession to Sir Francis Jeune, who has retired.—(Elliott and Fry.)

NEW DIVORCE



TO REMODEL RUSSIA.



M. Witte, who has recovered his old influence in the Government of Russia, and has been selected by the Tsar to superintend the new scheme of reform.

Mr. Bargrave Deane, K.C., who has just been appointed to the Admiralty Division of the High Court of Justice, Temple in 1870, and for some years has been a member of the House of Commons.—(Photograph by Elliott and Fry.)

MIRROR, CAMERACRAPHS.

TO IRELAND—AT DUBLIN CASTLE.



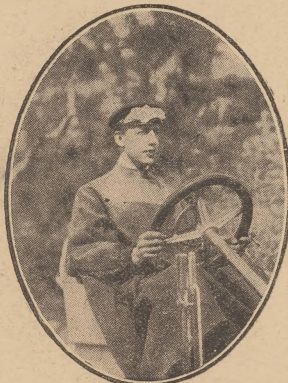
sehold staff was taken in the grounds of Dublin Castle shortly before the levee was held, which picture wearing the uniform of the Cameron Highlanders, of which he is Colonel-in-Chief. On the large Wyndham, M.P., Chief Secretary for Ireland.—(Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.)

COURT JUDGE.



appointed a Judge of the Probate, Divorce, and e. Mr. Deane was called to the Bar at the Inner leading counsel in the Probate and Divorce Court. by C. Vandyk.)

100 MILES MOTOR RECORD.



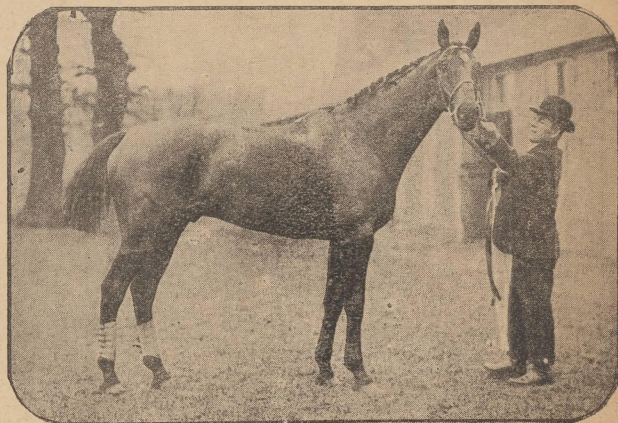
Mr. Fletcher, who has just covered one hundred miles in the motor race for the Vanderbilt Cup at Ormond, Florida, in 78min. 24sec. This is a world's record.

KING HONOURS A VETERAN.



Sergeant-Major Frewer, who has been awarded an annuity of £10 and the Meritorious Service Medal. He has in all seen thirty-seven years' military service.—(Jeffries.)

THE KING'S GRAND NATIONAL CANDIDATE.

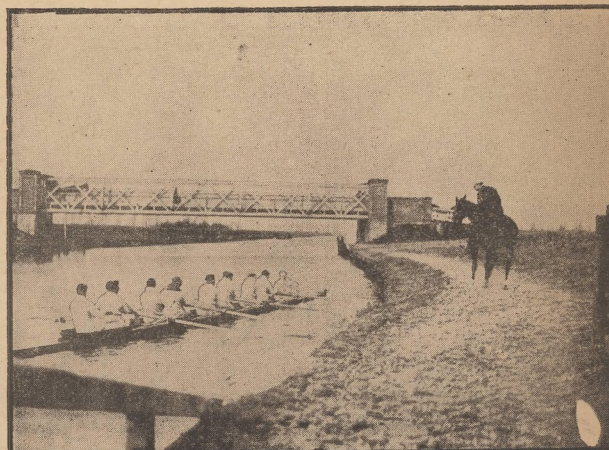


Ambush II, the King's horse, who has been entered to run in this season's race for the Grand National at Liverpool on Friday, March 31. He carried off this race in 1900.

PRACTISING FOR THE BOAT RACE.



Both the Oxford and Cambridge crews are continuing their work of preparation for the boat race. This photograph shows the Oxford eight at practice.



Mr. F. J. Escombe (on horseback), instructing the Cambridge crew. The Cantabs have done some excellent work this year at practice.

"DAILY MIRROR" GENERAL ELECTION.

(Continued from page 6.)

Blackburn (2)—Sir W. H. Hornby, Bart. (C.), and another Conservative. No political change.

Bolton (2)—Mr. G. Harwood (L.) and Mr. A. H. Gill (Labour). Labour gain.

Burnley—Mr. W. Mitchell (C.). No political change, consequent upon the competition between the Labour and Socialist candidates.

Bury—Mr. G. Toulmin (L.). No change.

Liverpool (Abercrombie)—Mr. W. F. Lawrence (C.). No change.

Liverpool (East Toxteth)—Mr. Austen Taylor (C.). No change.

Liverpool (Everton)—Conservative candidate not yet selected. No political change predicted.

Liverpool (Exchange)—Mr. R. Cherry (L.). Liberal gain.

Liverpool (Kirkdale)—Mr. David MacIver (C.). No change.

Liverpool (Scotland)—Mr. T. P. O'Connor (N.).

Liverpool (Walton)—Mr. J. H. Stock (C.). No change.

Liverpool (West Derby)—Mr. W. W. Rutherford (C.). No change, but the sitting member's majority will be greatly reduced.

Liverpool (West Toxteth)—Mr. R. P. Houston (C.). No change.

Manchester (East)—Mr. A. J. Balfour (C.). No change.

Manchester (North)—Mr. C. E. Schwann (L.). No change.

Manchester (North-East)—Sir James Ferguson (C.). No change.

Manchester (North-West)—Mr. Winston Churchill (L.). Liberal gain.

Manchester (South)—Mr. A. Howarth (L.). Liberal gain.

Manchester (South-West)—Mr. W. Galloway (C.). No change.

Oldham (2)—Mr. Alfred Emmott (L.) and Mr. Alfred Ashton (Labour). No political change, Mr. Winston Churchill having since his election as a Conservative "crossed the floor."

Preston (2)—Sir W. E. M. Tomlinson (C.) and Mr. John Kerr (C.). No change.

Rochdale—Mr. Gordon Harvey (L.). Liberal gain. The former constituency of Richard Cobden is warmly attached to the free-trade movement.

Salford (North)—Mr. Platt-Higgins (C.). No change, but an exciting finish.

Salford (South)—Mr. J. G. Groves (C.). No change.

Salford (West)—Sir Lees Knowles (C.). No change.

Stalybridge (Mr. J. F. Cheetham (L.). No change.

St. Helens—Sir H. Seton-Karr (C.). No change.

Warrington—Mr. Robert Pierpoint (C.). No change.

Wigan—Sir Francis Powell (C.). No change.

LANCASHIRE COUNTIES (23 seats).

Accrington—Sir Joseph Leese (L.). No change.

Blackpool—Mr. Wilfrid W. Ashley (C.). No change.

Bootle—Colonel Sandys (C.). No change.

Chorley—Lord Balcarres (C.). No change.

Clitheroe—Mr. D. J. Shackleton (Labour). No change.

Darwen—Mr. F. G. Hindle (L.). Liberal gain.

Eccles—Mr. Leigh-Clare (C.). No change. There are three candidates in the field, and the Liberal vote will be weakened by the Labour candidature of Mr. Ben Tillett.

Gorton—Mr. E. F. G. Hatch (C.). No change.

The sitting member is a free-trader.

Heywood—Mr. E. H. Holden (L.). No political change, Colonel Kemp having since his election as a Conservative joined the Liberal Party.

Ince—Colonel Blundell (C.). No change.

Lancaster—Colonel Foster (C.). Conservative gain. The constituency is notoriously erratic, and offers a change at each election.

Leigh—Mr. John F. Brunner (L.). No political change.

Middleton—Colonel Kemp (L.). Liberal gain.

The division is strongly free trade.

Newton—Colonel Pilkington (C.). No change.

MR. JUSTICE BUCKNILL,



Who was reported yesterday to have quite recovered from the relapse of last week, and intends going away shortly for a change of air.—(Vandyk.)

North Lonsdale—Mr. D. Ainsworth (L.). Liberal gain. No Conservative candidate yet selected.

Southport—Mr. Marshall Hall (C.). No change.

Ormskirk—The Hon. Arthur Stanley (C.). No change, but a reduced Conservative majority.

Prestwich—Mr. F. Cawley (L.). No change.

Radcliffe-cum-Farnworth—Mr. T. C. Taylor (L.). No change.

Rossendale—Mr. L. V. Harcourt (L.). No change.

Salford—Mr. C. A. Cripps (C.). No change, but a great drop in the Conservative majority.

West Houghton—Lord Stanley (C.). No change.

Widnes—Colonel W. Hall Walker (C.). No change.

(To be continued to-morrow.)

THE TSAR'S DANGER.

Little Princess's Nurse Found To Be a Spy Upon Him.

Many extraordinary stories have been told of spies among the Tsar's own household. Now from America comes an account of the detection of the Nihilist agent who has for so long terrified the Tsar by placing threatening notices in his private apartments, and on his writing table. It appears in the "New York American."

The much-sought spy was the nurse of one of the Tsar's little daughters, a young girl trusted and loved by every one in the Imperial household, especially by the Tsaritsa.

The problem of the identity of this spy had worried the secret police for a long time, and at last the Tsar took an active part in the quest.

He purchased a special suit of old armour and had it sent to the Palace, giving orders that it was to be placed near his desk. His doing so was quite natural, as he is well-known to be a keen collector. He then told the chief of police that it was intended to serve as the hiding-place of a police agent.

From that moment it was hardly for a minute unoccupied by a watcher.

The Tsar's private study communicates by one door with the Tsaritsa's apartments, and by the other with the Tsar's bedroom, and has consequently no guards at the doors.

At two o'clock on the morning of December 11 the Tsar was awakened by a call from his study. The guard from the corridor ran in to protect their ruler, and then Nicholas went in to his study to find the trusted nurse standing terror-stricken by his writing-table.

In one hand was one of the usual threatening notices; in the other an electric candle, while leaning over her and grasping her by the hair was the policeman in the suit of armour.

Only to the Empress did the nurse confess that she it was who had for so long spied upon the Tsar. She had copied important documents from his table and placed there the threatening placards and was also in the pay of the Japanese.

As a spy her life was forfeit, but she had been so loved by the Tsaritsa, and her little charge, the Grand Duchess, was so heart-broken that she was spared and merely expelled the kingdom.

At least, that is the story as told in America.

SUBURBAN THEATRE ATTRACTIONS.

"The Earl and the Girl," with which Mr. Robert Arthur opens the dramatic season at his Kendal Theatre on Monday, has been playing for the last six weeks at the Gaiety Theatre, Manchester, to record business. Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's comedy "Joseph Entangled," originally produced at the Haymarket Theatre, will be the attraction at the Coronet.

At the Camden the clever pantomimists, the Remonds, who have been for three thousands and something time in "The Swiss Express," rightly described as "A Carnival of Laughter," the Fulham Theatre will be revisited by the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company, whose programme for the week includes "The Mikado," "Iolanthe," "The Pirates," "Gondoliers," "Yeomen of the Guard," "The Pirates," and "Trial by Jury." At the Crown "Cinderella" will be followed for a fortnight by the Marlborough Theatre pantomime, "Aladdin."

And now, how was he going to find her? He was inclined to scour Paris, and to start that very moment; but he did not know where to begin. As well look for the proverbial needle in the bundle of hay as for one slip of a girl in this great city! Then, she was English; that made his task easier.

But he did not know any English people in Paris—only those who were mere birds of passage, like himself.

Then he thought of Vanna Tempest. She lived in Paris, apparently she went out a great deal. From the articles account Blue Eyes had given of her mother, she was a very worldly person indeed, and devoted to gaieties. Vanna was almost bound to know her, and it was quite possible she knew the girl as well. She had a daughter of her own, about the same age. It was quite possible that the girls were friends. In the comparatively limited circle of the British colony they were almost sure to have come across each other.

Yes, he would ask Vanna to help him in his search for Blue Eyes. He did not stop to consider the brutish brutality of such a step. He had set his heart and mind and soul on finding the girl; the means he used were perfectly immaterial. Now that he had escaped him, now that there was a chance that he might not find her, he cared no more about his cloak of secrecy. He must find her, and pacify her if she were offended, reassure her if she were alarmed, win her at any cost. Already life without her was intolerable.

He was obliged to go back to the hotel to dictate some important letters to his secretary, and he was dining out. But he determined to send Vanna a note, asking if he might call on her later on in the evening.

The first person he saw in the hotel was Lady Betty. She was drinking tea, and, for a wonder, she was alone.

"Come and sit down, Tony," she said imperatively.

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

PUBLIC-HOUSES AND TEA.

Let a Motorist have a trial at the public-house trade, and see if he would like to make tea for one customer at any time of the day for 2s. Why does he go to a public-house? Tea-shops can supply him all the nervous stuff he requires—and they don't pay a £40 licence and work all the hours of the day. DAVID LLOYD.

South-street, Manchester-square, W.

CAN ANYONE RECOGNISE THIS BIRD?

I see in the *Daily Mirror* that a bird, slightly larger than a rook, with black head, breast, wings, and tail, with a back of dove-colour, had been shot near Bodmin.

My husband shot a bird of the same description at Mill Hill, Hendon. I have had it set up, and put in a glass case, and although a great many people have seen it, no one seems to know what sort of a bird it is. E. T. GREEN.

2, Portland-road, Southall.

DR. TORREY AND SMOKING.

I agree with Dr. Torrey to a certain extent when he says he feels pity for the man who cannot give up tobacco. Any man who could not give up this or any habit, were he so inclined, would obviously be very weak-minded.

But in considering smoking in itself "a blemish in a Christian character, if not necessarily a sin," Dr. Torrey deserves for himself the pity of every smoker—Christian or otherwise.

Boscombe. F. C. H. TAYLOR.

THOUGHTLESS TUBE.

Can nothing be done to compel the Tube Railway to run the trains up to twelve o'clock at night? The Waterloo Tube stops at 9.30 o'clock. Persons coming from theatres or music-halls or working late cannot avail themselves of it.

Clauses ought to be inserted in any new Act of Parliament for making a Tube Railway compelling the company to run trains up to twelve o'clock.

ARNOLD SMITH.

COMMENTS OF THE PRESS.

The Tsar's Speech to the Working Man.

A catastrophe is not redeemed by a belated afterthought like yesterday's—"Morning Leader."

Freedom is awake. It is not to be scolded away by addresses from a feeble tyrant—"Daily News."

The more one studies the terms of the Tsar's speech, the more it grates on the ear—"Daily Telegraph."

The Emperor of Russia has made his position clear. His people are not to speak words to him, but to hear his words to them—"Morning Post."

Constitutes, at any rate, a recognition that bayonets are not everything, and that the popular bitterness cannot be cured by repression—"Daily Graphic."

We find it difficult to believe that the Tsar's words will avail to heal the breach between the Little Father and his children. But the reception of the deputation was a clever move all the same—"Daily Chronicle."

The Tsar's speech has merely gained time for the sowing of dissension by means of police spies and the other approved methods of Russian rule among the various sections of the working classes, and between them and the students—"Standard."

A MAN IN A MILLION

By CORALIE STANTON
and HEATH HOSKEN.

CHAPTER XXIV.

For stony limits cannot hold love out.—Shakespeare.

Anthony Heron stole a side glance at the young man's face. It seemed that the Duke had not recognised in his fiancée's mother the woman he had been introduced to outside the inn on Hindhead. So much the better. Everything was working for the best.

They turned into the Place de la Concorde and the Rue de Rivoli. At the corner of the Rue Castiglione the Duke stopped.

"Aren't you coming up to the Ritz?" he asked.

"You are staying there?"

"Yes, but I'm not going there just now," said Tony. "I've got an appointment."

"Sorry. I thought you might have renewed your acquaintance with Mrs. Tempest, and met her daughter."

"I shall be delighted to," said Tony, "if you will introduce me another time."

They parted, and Anthony Heron walked on towards the Louvre. He looked at his watch as he walked up the steps. It was just the time he had named for his tryst with his Princess Blue Eyes.

He walked straight through to the Salon Carré, and took up his stand by the blue-clad *adonna* of Murillo, with her foot on the crescent moon.

Blue Eyes was late. Five minutes passed, ten, twenty, half an hour. Then Tony grew puzzled, then horribly impatient, then incredulous.

Was it possible that she did not mean to come? No; she had been delayed.

And an hour passed, and the garden began to look at him. She was not coming. What could have happened? He realised, with a pang of pure horror, that he could not communicate with her; he did not even know her name. What a fool he had been! Had she escaped him—his Blue Eyes, his fairy princess, at whose feet he was prepared to lay everything he had in the world?

He waited another half-hour—the man whose time was as valuable as that of any man in the whole world. But she did not come.

Then he walked back through the long corridor and out into the courtyard, cursing his folly. Of course she had not come. How could he have expected her to come? Lady Betty had opened his eyes by her plain words. He had grown so accustomed to having his own way that it had seemed to him that if he chose to establish these fantastic and unconventional relations with his unknown Blue Eyes, there was nothing to be said against them.

But Lady Betty had spoken quite severely, had said in plain words that he was behaving like a scoundrel. Why should he imagine that the girl would fall in with his unconventional manners. Just because she was so simple and grave, and had such fearless eyes? Most probably she had been very strictly brought up, and knew as well as he did that one cannot overstep the boundaries of conventional behaviour with impunity.

What must she have thought of a man who asked her to meet him in secret, who refused to know his name, who would not tell her all the ordinary channels of acquaintance? He had probably grievously offended her, or, worse still, as Lady Betty had suggested, she had got the humiliating idea into her head that he was mad.

He was full of misgivings, of doubts, and of rage against himself, just as before he had been full of quiet certainty that she would come.

"My dear Lady Betty," he answered, "forgive me, but I must write some letters."

"Your letters can wait," she retorted.

"I must write them before dinner."

"There's heaps of time," she said. "All great men can do in five minutes. Sit down, Tony, and tell me about it. I presume you have just returned from the Louvre. If you will do these dreadful things you must at least confess them. Has she accepted you?"

"No."

"Then—are you still carrying on the farce? And, if so, why didn't you bring her to see me? You promised to."

"For a very good reason," he answered gloomily. "She did not come."

"Good girl!" said Lady Betty approvingly.

"Now, I am really interested in her."

"Lady Betty," said Tony, "I must find her. I admit I have made a long long mistake, but I even know her name. I was so certain that she would come. You don't understand how serious I am."

"Of course you will find her," said his friend reassuringly. "And then you will behave like a sensible man, and not like a schoolboy out for a lark. No wonder she's so long about finding you. It ought not to be difficult to find her."

"I thought," he said somewhat ruefully, "of asking Mrs. Tempest to help me."

"Tony!" Lady Betty's voice was shrill.

"You see," he went on quickly, "she lives in Paris, and so does my unknown lady's mother. I think it is very likely that they know each other."

"Tony! you have made the most monstrous mistake. Lady Betty. Her voice now was quite faint with horror. She had listened only the day before to that painful, desperate admission of Vanna Tempest that she still loved this man, that the years had not brought her forgetfulness; and he was calmly suggesting that he should ask her help to

(Continued on page 11.)

WHO ARE THE NEW SINGERS?

Probable Successors of Famous
Artists Who Have Died.

DEARTH OF SOPRANOS.

Where Are the Santleys and Sims Reeves of
the Future To Be Looked For?

The passing away of two such widely popular singers as Mmes. Antoinette Sterling and Belle Cole, the retirement of Mr. Edward Lloyd, the rare appearances of Mr. Santley, and the impending retirement of other famous vocalists whose names were household words, have set many people asking if among the newer generation there are any who can worthily take the place of the old favourites.

To fill the gap left by the two great contraltos who have left us for ever is perhaps not so difficult. In Mme. Clara Butt we have one of the greatest contraltos—as regards voice—that the world has ever heard. In her own particular sphere—ballad singing—she is unique. With songs such as "Abide With Me," "Hushen," etc., Mme. Clara Butt is rapidly making for herself the wide fame that Mme. Antoinette Sterling won with "The Lost Chord."

A young singer who is rapidly creating a unique position not only in England but in Germany and America is Miss Muriel Foster. She has a contralto voice of beautiful quality and exceptional compass, and, above all, a highly artistic method. Miss Foster is rapidly becoming our premier contralto in oratorio. Future years will assuredly make her name a very familiar one to everybody.

NO REALLY GREAT SOPRANOS.

One must not forget, either, Miss Ada Crossley, the Australian contralto, who, both in ballad-singing and oratorio, has made herself very popular in many countries.

When we come to sopranos the case is somewhat different. When Mme. Patti and Mme. Albani leave the concert platform there is no one—so far as one can see at present—to take their place. Especially is there a dearth of sopranos for oratorio work—that is to say, really great singers. There are plenty capable of moderately good work. I am glad that Mme. Suzanne Adams, the popular American operatic singer, has commenced a concert career in this country. Her voice is of considerable power and beauty.

By many Miss Agnes Nicholls is spoken of as one of the sopranos of the future. Her voice is one of exceptionally pure quality and remarkably rich in tone. Nor in discussing concert sopranos must one fail to make mention of Miss Elizabeth Parkina, the new American soprano, who has a voice of exceptional brilliance and high compass. Already her name is well known to the musical public, and her ultimate triumph as one of the great singers of the age should be assured if her

present progress is maintained. "A second Melba" is the verdict of many upon Miss Parkina.

Turning to the opera, where Mme. Melba has reigned as queen of song since the retirement from the stage of Mmes. Patti and Albani, an operatic "star" of great brilliance just beginning to arise is Mme. Kirby Lunn. This English singer was last season the premier contralto at Covent Garden, and is now singing in opera in America. She bids fair to join the select little international company of "stars" whose names are world-famous.

We stand greatly in need of some new men for our concert platform. Since Edward Lloyd retired there has been no one to carry on the traditions of the great English school of tenors, of which Sims Reeves, Foley, and Lloyd were such great examples. Neither has the successor to Santley yet been found.

MALINGERING RECRUITS.

Doctors Tell Ridiculous Excuses Made by
Siberians to Evade Fighting.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

ST. PETERSBURG, Monday.—The case of the thirty-eight heroes of Tomsk who joined the police to evade military service is typical of a practice that is general. Large numbers of reservists in Tomsk and Blagoveshensk are still attempting to become policemen.

Less transparent devices are adopted in other towns. The number of lame, maimed, and half-



MADAME CLARA BUTT.

blind young men seems to have increased a thousand per cent.

At Kainsk no fewer than seven reservists falsely swore that they had one eye blind, and brought natives to corroborate the assertion.

This trick is so often employed that the army doctors have devised an ingenious means for exposing it. Blindfolding the sound eye, they make a sudden jab with a lancet at the "blind" eye. If the examinee shrinks he is promptly flogged.

A man named Ileshko has just been sentenced to three years' imprisonment for dispensing preparations guaranteed to produce violent sore throats—four hours after use.

At the reservist depot of Khabarovsk a small shopkeeper appeared without a single tooth in his head. He was exempted from service, but as his mouth showed signs of recent extraction he was cross-examined, whereupon he admitted having pulled out fifteen teeth the day before, pleading toothache.

grave and earnest—"I implore you, don't say anything to Mrs. Tempest; don't ask her; don't mention the girl to her! Believe me, a woman must know best in such matters; and I tell you, it is impossible. Promise me, Tony!"

"If you make such a point of it, of course, I will, Lady Betty," he answered rather unwillingly. "I confess I don't see it in such a tragic light. Mrs. Tempest and I have forgotten the past; we are going to be friends."

"My dear Tony, in the real sense of the word, you can never be Mrs. Tempest's friend," said Lady Betty bluntly. "There's too much to forgive between you—and it is all on her side. All you can do is to save her pain—and be grateful."

"I am grateful, indeed," he answered gravely. "But I do not think there can be any question of my giving Mrs. Tempest pain—or saving her from it."

"I don't know; I am afraid there may be," said Lady Betty slowly; and then she frowned slightly and changed her tone. "By the way, Tony, while we are speaking of Mrs. Tempest, I want to tell you something. You should arrange with her exactly what the basis of your acquaintance is to be. Otherwise you are both bound to make mistakes. For instance, Mrs. Tempest and her daughter lunched with me to-day, and Harry St. Peter's name in afterwards to fetch them. Well, the first thing he said to his future mother-in-law was, 'I say, Mrs. Tempest, you're about the only woman alive who's met Anthony Heron and forgotten him.' Well, it appeared that they had been talking about you a little while ago, and Mrs. Tempest had said that she had never met you."

"And I told him to-day," put in Tony, with a frown. "That I had had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Tempest some time ago. I thought it best," he added apologetically.

"You were quite right," said Lady Betty. "And how did she take it?"

MARRIED 26 TIMES.

Methods of the German-American
Who Deceived Trusting Women.

A STRONG COMBINATION.

The Chicago Bluebeard's tale of wives mounts up day by day. Twenty-six is the number the police vouch for at present, but even that is not believed to exhaust the list.

Naturally there is much curiosity as to the appearance and manners of this conqueror of women. One paper describes him as "of medium height, with piercing eyes and a dark moustache." Most agree, however, that he is short, thick-set, fat, and plain-looking, with a very high forehead and other features of quite commonplace type.

His manner of love-making is described as aggressive. He pressed matters on quickly, would never take "No" for an answer. Yet he seldom, it is said, "talked sentiment."

A MUSICAL VILLAIN.

He would sit and play to his victims on the zither and sing little songs of the German Fatherland. This gave the impression that he was quite a domestic kind of man. He added to it by being always ready to do any little jobs about the house. He would clean a window capillary or go on an errand with alacrity.

Seeing him kneel before the fire (toasting a teacake, the widows, to whom he paid his treacherous addresses, could not resist them.

Naturally they were taken, too, by Mr. Hoch's references to his brilliant brain and the great future he would make for them with his money-making schemes.

Another sure card lay in his frequent and affectionate references to his "dear first wife." "If he



MADAME SUZANNE ADAMS.

was so fond of her, poor thing," thought the widows, "he must be a nice, kind man, and he'll be a good husband to me."

THRIFT WISE OR FOOLISH?

Many Readers Join in Discussing the
Benefits of "Saving Up."

The number of letters which Mr. Bart Kennedy's article has called forth show that people in the mass are fully alive to the importance of thrift.

Mr. Kennedy's strange views on the subject meet with scarcely any sympathy. Indeed, we should be very sorry if they did. Some correspondents ask why the *Daily Mirror* published an article with which it did not agree. We did it partly because the views of a well-known writer on such a subject are interesting; and, for the rest, because it is a very good thing for us to have our principles tested now and then.

Everybody is in favour of thrift in a general way. This discussion will make them ask themselves why they are in favour of it. And having found out their reasons their faith in it will be stronger than ever.

THRIFT A HEROIC VIRTUE.

I repudiate emphatically the accusation of the thrifty man being a coward. It must be well known that in many cases the thrifty person, far from being a coward, is a hero.

I am more than surprised at a man of letters calling upon workers to beware of such a commendable virtue as thrift. BEN HUR.

IF WORKMEN NEVER GREW OLD.

Mr. Bart Kennedy's ideas of thrift would be all right if no workman was ever thrown out of employment or grew old.

So long as old age exists as a factor in life, and so long as competition throws men out of work, his ideas are absurd. J. B. BARING.

Henley-on-Thames.

AGREES WITH MR. KENNEDY.

At last someone has had the courage to protest against the absurdity of saving money.

The workman who saves money is simply throwing himself out of work. If he saves he produces more than he consumes, goods accumulate, and he is obliged to work short time till the balance is re-adjusted. F. WHITELY.

Warrington.

THE LEAN YEARS COMING.

Will Bart Kennedy explain what is to become of not merely "the working man" of the ordinary type, but of all bred to earn their own living in a variety of ways, from professional men, journalists, artists, clerks, and others (male and female), down to the day labourer, when work fails, or health fails, if they follow his advice to eat, drink, and be merry without thought for the time of dearth that is sure to come sooner or later? GRAY'S INN. JANE B. WHITE.

A BULWARK AGAINST OPPRESSION.

Mr. Bart Kennedy argues from a wrong basis. Thrift means money gained, and money means power. The coolie only works for coolie's wages because he has no money to keep himself. If he had the means of living he would be able to look around for a better job.

The same thing applies to the working man. Let him save all he can. Then he can withstand employers' oppression, and have something to rely on when he gets too old to work.

HERBERT E. JULYAN.

Tremor Cottage, Carshalton.

A MAN IN A MILLION.

(Continued from page 10.)

find the unknown girl he had fallen in love with and wanted to marry.

"I don't know," she said. "Don't you see," she went on eagerly, "that you can't possibly do such a thing? It's worse than cruel, it's in bad taste. Besides, why should Mrs. Tempest know every Englishwoman who lives in Paris? Leave it to me, Tony. I'll find out for you. If she goes about much she is bound to be known at the Embassy. Describe the girl to me, Tony."

"I couldn't tell you," I mean I couldn't give you any idea of what she is like. But she has the bluest eyes in the world."

"And her hair?"

"Her hair?" he repeated. "I don't really believe I know what colour her hair is, except that it looks like a flame in the sun."

"Well, and is she tall or short, and what sort of features has she? You have told me nothing, except a bit of poetry about blue eyes and flame-coloured hair. Oh, Tony," she cried in mock reproach, "to think that you of all men should have come to such a pass!"

"I can't tell you any more," he said dejectedly. "She is tall, I think, but not very, because I can look down on to the top of her head, and she wears ravishing hats, and her features are perfect, and you will be a wiser woman when you have seen her smile."

"In fact," said Lady Betty mischievously, "she is a cross between a goddess and a fairy princess!" "She is a fairy princess!" he exclaimed. "How do you know that, Lady Betty?"

"Because they are," replied Lady Betty, with a quiet little smile. "Well, Tony, you haven't given me much to go on, but I'll do my best. I know several people who know nearly everybody in Paris. But, Tony," and her voice grew very

grave and earnest—"I implore you, don't say anything to Mrs. Tempest; don't ask her; don't mention the girl to her! Believe me, a woman must know best in such matters; and I tell you, it is impossible. Promise me, Tony!"

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"And I told him to-day," put in Tony, with a frown. "That I had had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Tempest some time ago. I thought it best," he added apologetically.

"You were quite right," said Lady Betty. "And how did she take it?"

"Oh, no harm was done. Mrs. Tempest was perfectly self-possessed; she just smiled and said, 'Why, Harry, does Mr. Heron claim my acquaintance?' And Harry said, 'Yes, he has just told me that he had the pleasure of meeting you a few years ago.' He said he only met you once or twice, though." "It's possible," she answered quietly, "but he couldn't have made much impression on me because I certainly had forgotten all about it." As she concluded, Lady Betty turned her head away.

"Thanks, Lady Betty," said Tony. "I'll see that it doesn't occur again. By the way, what's the daughter like?" His voice sounded harsh.

"Perfectly beautiful," said Lady Betty, with genuine enthusiasm. "And such a dear child, and Harry positively adores her. She'll be the loveliest duchess in England."

Tony rose to his feet. "I must write my letters," he said. "Lady Betty, you won't forget?"

"To look for your fairy princess? No, I won't. And don't forget about Mrs. Tempest. You see, you'll be neighbours when they stay at Petersrock."

He nodded, and went upstairs. He was a little angered. It seemed as if these memories were to pursue him all his life.

He wrote to Vanna Tempest, as he had decided to do; but he said nothing about enlisting her help in his search for his unknown lady of the Louvre. "My dear Vanna," he wrote, after hesitating a long time, and deciding that "Mrs. Tempest" was impossible, and might wound her, into the bargain. "Lady Betty Somerville has told me that the Duke of St. Peter's mentioned that I had told him that I had had the pleasure of meeting you some time ago. In future, don't you think, we will keep to this explanation of our acquaintanceship? The fact that you had forgotten me is of no importance and not in the least remarkable, as we only met once or twice. We shall no doubt meet again in the Duke's presence, and my face will recall our

previous meetings to you. Please forgive this elaborate pretence; you will see that it is for the best."

"I most heartily congratulate you on your daughter's engagement. St. Peter's is a very good fellow, and she, from Lady Betty's glowing accounts, is so charming that I am much looking forward to meeting her. With my very best wishes, I am, your sincere friend, ANTHONY HERON."

The next morning he answered several pressing telegrams, saying that he could not possibly return for a day or two. He could not rest. He attempted to do some work with his secretary, but gave it up as a bad job, put his hat on, and said that he was going for a walk. He walked into the Champs Elysées. The sun was shining brilliantly in a sky of pale, clear blue, the trees were budding, there was a nameless intoxication in the air. Even the children playing, attended by gorgeous ribboned nurses, seemed to feel it. It was the beginning of spring.

And as Tony walked along he suddenly saw his Blue Eyes talking towards him. She was walking very fast, and she carried a music-case in one hand.

She did not see him until he was quite close to her; not, in fact, until he had laid his hand on her arm.

"Blue Eyes!" he said, and his voice rang with triumph.

The girl looked up, and a great, glad light illuminated her face. And then she grew very white and looked round her like a trapped animal.

"Why didn't you come yesterday, Blue Eyes?" he asked.

"I couldn't," she answered. His voice was so masterful that her own trembled in reply.

"Why couldn't you? What prevented you?" "I am engaged to be married," she said simply.

(To be continued.)

JEWELLED ORNAMENTS FOR THE HAIR THAT SIMULATE FEATHERS—A THEATRE CAP.

THE WOMAN WITH POISE.

THE IMAGINARY BASKET OF EGGS ON THE HEAD.

To forty women who wear their clothes as though they were photographers' models on parade there is just one whose clothes seem a part of her.

If a woman could only purchase her gowns and hats, put them on well, and then forget them, she would be doubly charming. The average one carries her frock about in her mind as well as on her back. If it is pretty and well-fitting she plumes herself and gives her head a quite unnatural tilt. If it does not suit her she is miserably conscious of it, and jerks at it here and pulls at it there, forgetting that the one thing that can make a bad frock worth looking at is the good carriage and unconscious expression of its wearer.

HOW TO STAND.

Physical poise every woman can attain, though it cannot be expected that all should have mental poise. By physical poise is meant the ability to walk gracefully and unconsciously, to glide up and down stairs, to sink instead of to bounce into a chair, to use the hands as if they belonged to their owner and were not merely attachments at the ends of her arms.

The first lesson to learn in the quest of poise is how to stand. A woman should stand squarely upon the balls of her feet, not upon her toes, nor upon her heels. In high-heeled shoes this is next to impossible, yet it is by no means necessary to wear flat, commonsense heels in order to accomplish the habit. The happy medium should be chosen.

THE BEST WAY.

Did you ever try the little mental science trick of walking along with an imaginary diamond star of great beauty upon your chest and an imaginary basket of eggs upon your head? There is no better way to acquire perfect poise than this. Simply fancy that the star upon the centre of your chest is a real, scintillating ornament, and you will find yourself carrying your shoulders splendidly square. When you are about to sit down, remember that you still carry the basket of eggs upon your head, and you will find yourself sinking gently and gracefully into your chair. The same little piece of mental science will work wonders in the matter of climbing stairs. No one could twist or double up when mounting the stairs with a basket of eggs upon the head. These rules are the best of a new system of beauty culture which has become popular of late among women who want to be graceful.

HOW NOT TO CATCH COLD.

DON'T OVER EAT, AND TAKE PLENTY OF EXERCISE IN THE OPEN AIR.

A Dialogue, by MACDONALD SMITH.

"I never catch cold, unless I over-eat and stay indoors."

"What do you mean? Everyone takes cold more or less. Colds depend upon sudden changes of temperature. If you don't expose yourself, you don't get colds; if you do, you catch them."

"Yes, but that is only one of those partial truths which are often more misleading than falsehood."

"What is the whole truth, then?"

"Well, you may learn the lesson partly from dogs and other animals. When they are wild they do not catch cold. When they are kept indoors and wrongly or over-fed they are liable to colds just as

we are. An ordinary cold (remember there are other rarer ailments, with specific microbes, which counterfeit colds very closely) is merely the healthy defensive effort of Nature to get rid of effete, surplus, noxious matter from the system. A cold is not simply a result of changes of temperature, but of changes of temperature in a clogged body. A healthy body can resist these changes with impunity. I can sit in a draught and not get a stiff neck; I can sit with wet feet, and feel no cold. The necessary element in cold-catching is a

BOWS AND BUTTONS.

CONSPICUOUS SCHEMES IN MODISH TRIMMINGS.

Bows and buttons decorate so many modish frocks that they may well be said to play an important part in the trimming schemes of the season. There are little short bows, and long, thin, and

opinions differ as to its decorative influence, but it can safely be said that one tires more quickly of it than of the button.

MEDICAL MEMORANDA.

Three rules must be borne in mind as being absolutely necessary before taking or giving medicine:—
Read the label on the bottle.
Shake the bottle before you pour the mixture out.

Do not give a sick person medicine during the night, unless the doctor has told you distinctly to do so.

Even if the bottle is marked, it is safer to measure the dose in a properly-marked glass than to pour it from the bottle, trusting to the marks on it.



The quaint little turban shown above is one of the latest importations from Paris, and is pretty for evening wear at the theatre. The huge feather that trims it might unfortunately very greatly interfere with the view of those seated behind the lady.

Feathers are now simulated by means of rare jewels like diamonds for coiffure ornaments, and less expensive forms of the same idea are made of sequins, jet, and crystal. Two types of feather are shown in the picture above, and in the one on the left-hand side.

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"clogged body." Given pure blood and free blood-vessels, no colds are possible."

"Suppose I believe you, and wanted to arrive at the condition of 'no colds,' how long would it take me?"

"It would depend upon how much 'clogging' there is in your body, and how thoroughly you adopted a natural mode of living in order to get free from it."

"Well, for an average person?"

"The average person might do it in three months, if he did not mind the discomforts which necessarily attend too rapid a process. If you are clearing out a stagnant pool you cannot avoid stirring up some mud. Nature acts surely, but not often rapidly. You can get rid of a symptom quickly by shifting disease about from one part of the body to another, but generally speaking 'quick cures are quick cures.' Drugs do not cure a cold, they only hide it and put it back."

"Do you never catch cold, though?"

"Yes, if I eat too heartily and get little exercise I am sure to have a cold. Nature gets rid of the surplus from me very promptly, and I am well and 'unclogged' again."

"Well, you would have to talk a long while to me before you persuaded me to cut down my meals in exchange for the prospect of being free from colds in six months' time."

"I expected you would say that. But you might bear in mind that, although Nature at first gives only gentle hints that she must be obeyed, she has a nasty habit, if her hints are disregarded, of taking one by the ear later on and enforcing obedience in a very drastic manner."

MACDONALD SMITH.

Elizabeth Maurer, for twenty-nine years maid to Queen Victoria, has just died in Switzerland at the age of sixty-four.



Youngest daughter of the first Lord Lawrence. She has just been appointed to the newly-established post of chief woman inspector under the Board of Education.—(Elliott and Fry.)

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